The Nation.

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The Week.

The German Ambassador's appeal, at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner, last week, for a square tariff deal must not be allowed to fall on deaf ears. His exposition of the great growth of the trade between the two countries should rouse to action even those who can be moved only by self-interest. A vast amount of exploration and exploitation would have to be done in South America before our trade there could hope to reach the sum of $350,000,000, which represents the business to be done between Germany and the United States this year. Shall this be deliberately decreased? Moreover, the amount of money each country is permanently investing in the other is steadily increasing. As a market for the sale of American bonds Germany has long attracted the attention of our capitalists. To meet the growing demand, a new bank in Berlin has just been started which will make a specialty of American securities and furnish accurate and up-to-date information to any German investor who thinks of purchasing our stocks and bonds. Every such enterprise will be hindered if there is a failure to agree on a reciprocity treaty. Continue on the present basis of unequal treatment we cannot. We must either improve matters by a new treaty or find ourselves at swords' points; for Germany, if the existing *modus vivendi* is not renewed or bettered, will be forced by her other treaty arrangements to discriminate against us. Every manufacturers' association and chamber of commerce in the country ought to be fighting for the very thing that Ambassador Sternburg asks.

That there is to be a determined effort to pass the Ship Subsidy bill at the coming session of Congress is now apparent. The President will be urged to follow up the speeches of Messrs. Root and Shaw with a recommendation in his annual message. In other words, the Republican leaders have failed to read the signs of the times. They are as fatuously disregarding the warning of the candidacies of Hearst and Moran as are our railway presidents. Neither of the two Secretaries seems to realize that the unrest among the voters is due to a desire to strike at special privileges. The ship-subsidy measure is nothing else than a bill to give special privileges to a few citizens, to induce them to embark in a business which would not pay for itself without Government aid. This sort of thing creates Socialists as quickly as any policy that can be devised. If it is defensible, there are plenty of exporters engaged in risky enterprises that are equally entitled to Government aid. Though they do not send the ships abroad, they do the cargoes which must be carried. In one aspect, the ship-subsidy campaign is ill-timed. The Commissioner of Navigation has just reported that if the present rate of construction is not checked by strikes or delays in steel, the output of our shipyards will be the largest in half a century. This is hardly a reason why the shipyards should be allowed to help themselves out of the public Treasury.

President Roosevelt addressed the Porto Ricans as "fellow-citizens." This is technically incorrect. They are not citizens of the United States—they are only subjects. Failure to give them a national status has been one of the most shocking cases of neglect of duty by Congress. Every Porto Rican travelling abroad is forced to undergo the humiliation of declaring himself a man without a country. "Are you an American?" "No." "Then you must still be a Spaniard?" "No." What, then, are you?" "I am a citizen of Porto Rico." Mr. Roosevelt showed that he was aware of this discrimination against one class of people under the American flag, and promised to do what he could to have it removed. He has before urged Congress to do the Porto Ricans this elementary justice, but thus far in vain. Let us hope that even the short session of Congress will not be too short to remedy this mean treatment of our island wards. But it has been notoriously hard from the beginning to do what President McKinley called "our plain duty" to Porto Rico. As a witty woman said at the time, the duty was so plain that it was actually repulsive.

We have been anxious to see what sign of encouragement the Home Market Club would detect in the result of the late election, with its defeats and reduced majorities for leading "standpatters." At last week's banquet, James W. Van Cleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, suggested a truly comforting line of thought. "I am not," he said, "an immediate revisionist, or a standpatter. I stand between the two. And I feel, especially since the election, that a large majority of the people are with me." The programme he proposes for the reconciliation of divergent views is as follows: Congress is soon to pass an act creating a tariff commission like the one of 1882. Then all through the short session of the Fifty-ninth Congress and the long session of the Sixtieth, that commission is to pore over the Dingley schedules and take testimony as to what business interests desire. Then, and not till then, namely, in the summer of 1908, the Republican party is to promise to revise the tariff. The people will vote in November for the Republican candidates, of course; and some time after March 4, 1909, the new President will call Congress together and the sacred schedules will be touched at last. The suggestion differs from that of the "standpatter" only in deferring hope definitely for three years instead of talking vaguely about "next year" or the "near future." It differs from that of the sincere revisionist in that the latter would have the preliminary inquiry made in the regular manner by the Ways and Means and Finance Committees of House and Senate, and have the new tariff law signed by President Roosevelt, and not his unknown successor. President Van Cleave's proposal deserves the old lady's characterization as "a middle extreme."

The insistence by the junior Senator-elect from Arkansas that what the United States Senate needs is a "good, old-fashioned row," is not for the public to pass over lightly. We have heard about many things that the upper house needs: better men, a higher sense of patriotism, less corporation money, less talk, election by the people, publicity for executive sessions, a larger membership, a smaller membership, a redistributed membership, an age limit, a closure rule, the loss of control over appointments, with a gain of prestige by the House. But "Jeff" Davis now asserts that the real way to regeneration is through strife. He is going to tell the corporation-ridden graybeards just what he thinks of them, and right to their faces, too. What is more, he is not going to spend a half-hour in bowing and apologizing every time he touches a colleague on the raw. A little more than ten years ago something along the same line was said by another new Southern Senator, every bit as aggressive as Vardaman or Davis, and with considerably more of a record than either one of them for stirring up affairs at home. The question is, Will our latter-day fire-eaters go the way of Tillman and the radicals who have preceded him? For six years to come they will sit daily in a company of sweet-faced old gentlemen and impassive-faced old gentlemen who never lose their tempers, and never applaud the good things in each other's speeches.

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Can flesh and blood maintain righteous and flaming wrath in the face of it? Peer Gynt, fighting Bojgen in the dark, had an easy time by comparison. "Shaking up the Senate" is, in fact, fitly to be compared with that other achievement attempted about as often by new members, "reviving its oratorical traditions." The boy orator is really half-brother to the shaker-up of dry bones; one expects to startle and amaze the Senate by what he says, the other by the way he says it. The Senate is used to both; it will not be ruffled by either. And if the new member is a sensible person, he will plunge into the routine of committee work as Tillman and Beveridge have done, and presently find himself with a reputation among his critical fellows.

Edward H. Harriman's statement that "the widest possible distribution of ownership of railway properties is a most desirable thing," will be applauded offhand in many quarters, though there is another side of the question. In theory, no one would endorse the personal ownership of the great majority of shares in the Union Pacific, with its numerous subsidiary properties, by Mr. Harriman. Still less would people be pleased by the announcement that Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, had in his own name all the shares of two or three competing transcontinental railways. The contrasting ideal, which the public would accept with the most complacency, would be such distribution of ownership, in safe hands, as is common in many smaller corporations, where no officer or "insider" holds, personally or through combinations and affiliations, such a preponderating portion in the stock that he cannot be unseated; and where, accordingly, officers and managers can be called to account. We doubt, however, if this is exactly the sort of "distribution" which Mr. Harriman had in mind. Nobody who is "running" a great corporation to suit himself and his immediate associates, would approve such an arrangement. Railway men are aware that the most convenient ownership is the holding of shares by a great number of individuals widely separated, none of them possessing enough to make his voice of importance in an annual meeting. If votes for directors are cast at random, with the sole alternative of giving proxies to the existing management, that management can readily dispense with such an empty formality as actually owning a controlling interest. If this lesson had not been learned before, our life insurance companies would have taught it. The defect of this "widest possible distribution" is that it leaves a very slight check on the errors or misdeeds of a virtually self-perpetuating executive.

Peary's own account of his winning the farthest north shows the achievement to have been possible through an extraordinary combination of good luck and good management. The remarkable dash from the Roosevelt would have been in vain if at the last the condition of the ice had not permitted a matter of 130 miles to be made in a few days—an almost unexampled feat on the polar ice; and it is fair to add that the story of the new record would never have been told if Peary's associates, equipment, and personal leadership had not been of the best. Indeed, the journey back over the crumbling ice to northern Greenland constitutes the most thrilling part of the narrative. Of the fifty-two days spent between the last land and the new farthest north, twelve were lost through storm or open water. In about 290 miles of actual sledging, the party, numbering at the last seven men and six teams, consumed forty days. Provisions were failing and the weaker dogs were being fed to the stronger, when the great opportunity appeared. The six days' storm, which had drifted the party seventy miles eastward to near longitude 65° west, had also beaten the snow into the crevices of the ice pack. Then an extraordinary march of more than thirty miles was made in a single day. A few days later the new record was made after a continuous march of twenty-four hours, ending on the noon of April 21 last. It is evident that, had not circumstances favored this final spurt, it would have been quite impossible to pass Nansen's mark of 86° 14′, not to mention the Duke of Abruzzi's 86° 33′. On the other hand, it was a kind of luck upon which the gallant Peary had reckoned, and by which he profited with foresight and daring. The history of Arctic exploration has no finer chapter. Yet the bearing of this expedition upon Polar exploration generally can only be surmised. It is clear that without the delay of twelve days on the march northwards which depleted the stock of provisions, and with equally favorable conditions at the end, Peary might readily have got, say, a hundred miles nearer the pole. When it is recalled how far North the Fram drifted, it would seem that a dash with sledges from such a floating base might, under fortunate circumstances, bring some happy explorer within considerably less than 200 miles of the pole. The getting back will always be the pinch, though some emulator of the unfortunate Andree may yet do the trick by balloon.

Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey's letter of withdrawal from the Episcopal Church is written in excellent taste and with deep religious feeling. Any Church would be the poorer for losing such a man. Such gifts as his are too rare in any communion. He makes it clear that he was seeking neither notoriety nor martyrdom, but was, out of a sense of duty to others as well as himself, challenging "an authoritative and deliberate decision" of the Church whether his views were permissible. Having now got it, he retires with dignity; but how can he say, as he does, that the judgment against him "affects no person" but himself, and urge the "hundreds of clergymen and thousands of laymen in the Episcopal Church who have reached the same conclusions that I have" to stay in the Church, where, Dr. Crapsey alleges, their "position is just as tenable as it ever was"? This seems to us to be in the interest neither of ecclesiastical order nor of sound morals. Every clergyman must, of course, settle the question with his own conscience; but the idea that the progress of truth or the reform of the creed can best be effected by remaining in a morally ambiguous position, is one to which we find it difficult to subscribe.

The so-called honor system in colleges has been much discussed of late. Championship of the system, it is to be noted, comes largely from the South. Many Southern professors declare that not only in examinations, but deportment generally, Southern students are bound by the honor of a gentleman. A similar sentiment, we are assured, frowns upon and keeps down horse-play in the classroom, "ragging" professors, and other demonstrations that in too many colleges of the North are regarded as lawful recreations. The South, it is plain, is exceptionally blessed. Where a clear-cut student sentiment exists in support of a high code of ethics, faculties would be foolish, or worse, to run counter to it. The existence of such a sentiment, as a fixed tradition, is evidently far different from the deliberate attempt to create it. President Hyde's remarks in the *Nation* of November 15, for instance, apply not so much to the Southern institution, as to the honor system as consciously introduced in the North. He is right, we feel, in doubting if the results of the propaganda have fulfilled its promise. The honor system in the North is weak precisely where the liberal régime in the South is strong—namely, in an aggressive student sentiment to enforce it. President Hyde recalls that in a college in which evidence of cheating is referred to a student tribunal, no evidence except that of the blue-books has ever been presented. This means either that for several years no student has ever seen a college mate cheating, or that the express agreement to report and discipline offenders has been persistently disregarded. So apparent is it that a certain amount of cheating has gone on that advocates of the system often rest merely on the assertion that there is less cheating, after all, than there was when the activity of

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proctors made it a kind of sport. If this be the case, it is clear that student sentiment remains pretty much what it was, and that the adoption of a system has not inculcated an effective sense of honor; it has nowhere evoked a public feeling so tonic and formidable as that which prevails south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Prince Bülow's second-day speech in the Reichstag passed from the general subject of German foreign policy to the means of carrying it out—the diplomatic service. He diverged into a witty discussion of the "new diplomacy," made necessary by modern developments. He said that he was in the habit of advising young diplomatists to take for their model Alcibiades. He was "intellectual with the Athenians, ate black broth with the Spartans, and wore flowing garments among the Persians." Yet, what help, in the actual transaction of his business, does a diplomatic representative gain from being thought a jolly good fellow, or—in the United States—from having, what foreign nations now seem to regard as indispensable, an American wife? Not much, we think. Of course, the personal and social advantage is obvious. We all like approachable and interesting foreigners, whether of diplomatic rank or not; but because Sternburg lets Roosevelt beat him at tennis, are we to knuckle down to Germany in the tariff controversy? Because M. Jusserand is scholarly and affable, and Madame Jusserand charming, are we the less strenuously to protect Lodge's bogus jewelry from competition with the real French article? Even if the suggestion that Mr. Bryce be made British Ambassador were carried out—and surely this country would receive him with open arms—should we allow his great personal popularity to weigh in settling the fisheries dispute? The expounders of the new diplomacy are mixing up two different things. An ambassador represents his own people. Therein, it is of the highest importance that he should be agreeable, friendly, captivating—what you will. But he also represents his Government. That is a business capacity. In the questions arising out of it, personal charm has to give way to force of reason and the true interest of the two countries. Representatives of one people to another have a useful function; the more gracious and sympathetic they are, the better. But for an insinuating Alcibiades-diplomat to presume upon his personal acceptability as a ground for demanding governmental favors, would be much like an amusing guest at a dinner suddenly asking his host for a loan.

Berlin finds it difficult to predict what new phase the racial struggle in Prussian Poland may assume in consequence of the sudden death of Dr. Florian von Stablewski, Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen, which occurred on Sunday. As an uncompromising champion of the Poles in their resistance to the complete Germanization of the schools, he made himself extremely obnoxious to the Prussian Government. Nevertheless, to force the election of a German Archbishop in succession to Dr. Stablewski, as the *Kölnische Zeitung* strongly urges, might only add to the bitterness of the conflict. On the part of the Government, it would be carrying the war into the enemy's camp by threatening the very citadel of Polish influence and aspirations—namely, the Catholic Church. What Catholicism means to the Poles is well expressed by the Paris *Temps*, which speaks particularly of the situation in Russian Poland, but makes no exception of Posen: "People are converted, not to Catholicism, but to the 'Polish faith.'" Entrance into the bosom of the Roman Church is so little an act of religion, and so largely a political step, that it used to be common to hear Poles of the middle classes say: "Were our country to achieve its freedom tomorrow, we, too, could cry, *Los von Rom*; but the Roman Church is our great weapon in the struggle for the preservation of our national life."

The decision of the German naval authorities to use turbine engines hereafter is remarkable, because up to this time their prejudice against turbines has been strong. A complete reversal of judgment has taken place, and it will be interesting to see if the German merchant fleet will now indulge in vessels thus propelled. Hitherto both the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American companies have stuck by the reciprocating engine. England alone has gone in for the turbines whole-souled. In this her procedure has been characteristic of the spirit of the Admiralty for some decades. Once convinced that an invention is valuable, it invests in the device with British thoroughness. This was true of the adoption of the torpedo boat and torpedo-boat destroyer. With the submarine the Admiralty delayed until France had a big start; but, once the conversion was effected, the building of submarines went on with astonishing rapidity. With the turbines England again took the lead, and it will be years before any other country has a turbine battleship like the Dreadnought. At Washington the authorities are inexcusably indifferent to submarines and torpedo work of all kinds, being blinded by the craze for monster battleships. And the turbine engine has few, if any, friends in the Navy Department—not any more than had the original Monitor, and other inventions.

Witte *redivivus* is bulking large nowadays against the flat background of a characterless bureaucratic ministry—so much so that the reactionaries are demanding his expulsion from the country. While Russia was still suffering from the violent after-effects of the dissolution of the Duma, Witte was ill at a German watering place. With the establishment of comparative calm in the empire, his tonsils are cured, and there is some rumor of his being considered for the post of Governor-General of Poland. Why Witte should have become the object of such universal detestation is both easy and hard to understand. The reactionaries hate him as the author of Constitutionalism, and, in fact, as the originator of that industrial policy which has been the principal factor in the upbuilding of a revolutionary workingmen's party. The Liberal elements were outraged by his attempt to mutilate popular representation on the eve of the meeting of the Duma. And he encountered the common fate of the trimmer in times of stress. Nevertheless, there is no denying that as an opportunist he has displayed remarkable skill, and he is still the only person in Russia that has accomplished anything definite and big. It is not impossible that with time remembrance of his rather devious policy with regard to the Duma will fade, while the liberties he has been instrumental in gaining will plead for him when these liberties are in danger of submersion.

Pope Pius has approved a Diocesan Association organized by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux, and it is announced that the French Government will regard this body as a "cult association" under the Separation Act. If so, the way is open to reconciliation and to putting an end to the present unseemly squabbling over the inventory of church possessions. As in many cases involving personal dignity, the compromise has a comic aspect. Archbishop Lecot undoubtedly reports to Pius X. that the Diocesan Association is organized under the old law, and in flat defiance of the impious Separation Act. Minister Briand, on the other hand, reports to M. Clemenceau that a cult association has been formed under the Separation Act. Moreover, the Diocesan Association which the Vatican accepts seems to be, but for the name, the *association fabricienne* which, though recommended by the French episcopate, was summarily rejected by the Vatican. In fine, the quarrel has very largely had to do with names. It has been so serious, however, that one must heartily welcome an agreement if merely on the basis that the State is to say tweedledum contentedly, while the Church persistently intones tweedledee.

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SECRETARY ROOT ON SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

Secretary Root's second speech at Kansas City dropped from diplomacy into trade, as was natural in an address to a Commercial Congress. Doubtless, many members looked upon his recent South American trip as that of a glorified drummer, and expected a report from him accordingly. They did not get that, but they did get a discussion of the whole question of our trade relations with the republics to the south of us, marked by the breadth of view which characterizes most of the Secretary's public utterances. We say this, though from some of his conclusions at Kansas City we strongly dissent.

His argument was for subsidizing steamship lines to South America, but he first stated some of the antecedent obstacles to our developing a large South American trade and did it with a fairness seldom met with in the speeches of subsidy-advocates. Mr. Root frankly admitted that American manufacturers and exporters have gone about the business of catering to the South American market in a blundering and back-handed fashion. They have not been willing to suit their goods to the customer's demand. They have taken no pains to get agents who speak his language or know his ways. They have not been ready to adapt themselves to his usual system of credits; they have established no banking facilities of their own; have not thought of investments as far-reaching and designed to secure slow though increasing returns in enlarged trade, but have wanted huge profits at once, or have turned away in disgust; they have had, finally, nothing but contempt for the men whom they expect to buy their wares. All this Mr. Root admits. It is, indeed, an old story. The very consular reports have for years been filled with it. The Secretary thinks that, in time, we Americans will learn to "do our business abroad as we have done it at home, with force and energy," but concedes that, as respects South America at least, we have not yet learned how.

The truth is, and it is a fair inference from Secretary Root's admissions, that what we have to deal with in this matter is a state of mind, more than a state of trade. American policy has too long and too successfully discouraged attention to foreign commerce. The habit of disregarding it has at last become ingrained. When the amiable Dingley, framer of the fiscal law under which we live, could express the wish that the oceans surrounding us were of fire, so that no ships could cross, how can the average American be expected to give intelligent attention to trade beyond the seas? In fact, he has not done so. The chief reason why we have not done better in South American trade is that we have not thought it worth bothering about. All our energies and plans have been concentrated upon developing our own vast territory—the greatest area in the world over which absolute free trade prevails. Upon that we have been taught to fix our eyes exclusively; while bidden by all that is patriotic to keep foreigners off it, and to have as little to do with them as possible.

Such an inveterate attitude cannot be changed in a day, though influences are, it is true, at work to change it. We are accumulating capital. We are multiplying our power of production, at the same time that we are reaching the limit of our own lands available for settlement. When the crest of our present wave of prosperity is passed, with its unprecedented demand at home, we shall undoubtedly be driven, by necessity, to turn our minds to the cultivation of the foreign field. The main thing is to get American business men and investors seriously to bend their faculties to the subject. When they do, and the preliminary mental difficulty is overcome, we shall not hear so much of the invincible obstacle in the lack of mere ships.

On the question of ship-subsidies itself, Mr. Root did not appear to have informed himself with his customary care. He says, for example, that Germany has abandoned the policy of free ships. Since when? Within the year, one great German liner was turned out of an English shipyard. Mr. Root also refers to the tariff provision allowing substantially free importation of shipbuilding materials. If he had read the testimony in the Senate Committee report, he would have found that, in practice, this law is entirely illusory. Yet the Secretary is wholly frank in granting that the protective policy has been disastrous to our shipping interests. He even defends a subsidy as but due "compensation for injuries inflicted upon American shipping by American laws." It might occur to others first to remove those injuries. But that is not the way of the Socialist legislator, known as a protectionist. Having taken the taxpayers' money to give one industry an unfair advantage, his remedy is, not to undo that wrong, but to commit another by giving any one who complains (if he has political power enough) a share of the pickings.

Mr. Root speaks only of a ship-subsidy for the South American trade. But does he imagine that the Ship Trust will allow money to be voted for that, without insisting that it be given ten times as much? On that point the Secretary might have consulted the pending bill to advantage. And as for his idea that a subsidized South American line would instantly create business, has he forgotten the old scandals of the Pacific Mail subsidy, and the complete failure of the subsidized steamers to Brazil to promote any business except that of the lobbyist and Congressional corruptionist?

A "PROGRESSIVE" PARADISE.

In the recent borough elections in London, something like a political revolution occurred. The "Progressives," who for some years had been carrying everything before them, were unexpectedly routed. Control of borough after borough was won by the "Moderates"; and it is confidently predicted that this result foreshadows a similar defeat for the Progressives in the coming elections to the London County Council. The Progressives are, of course, the advanced municipal experimenters, of socialistic leanings, in close alliance with the Labor Party and affiliated generally with the Liberals; the Moderates act with the Conservatives. Thus this upset in the boroughs may have important political consequences of a national sort. Mr. Balfour has, in fact, hailed it as a sign of a speedy Conservative revival; the wisest Liberals do not deny its significance.

Now, what was the cause of this marked change of heart in London voters? Tax-bills. The management of the affairs of the boroughs was becoming fearfully extravagant. Lavish borrowing was the order of the day, to keep up with the costly application of socialistic theories. The rates were going up, and were bound to go much higher, unless a halt was called; and the ratepayers did, in the election, imperatively call a halt. In several of the boroughs there were also scandals, the exposure of which had something to do with the revulsion against the Progressives. On the demand of aggrieved rate-payers, an official inquiry was made into the administration of the Poor Law in Poplar. This is a metropolitan union signalized by Charles Booth ten years ago as the least pauperized of the ten which he grouped as "specially devoted to manufacture and trade." To-day, as the investigation showed, it is the most pauperized; while it has incurred so great a debt that there is now no sufficient security for further loans.

How this unhappy change was brought about, is shown in detail by the report of the chief inspector of the Local Government Board, J. S. Davy. It has just been issued as a Blue Book. The story is a depressing one of bad management, careless waste, and use of the public funds in a way to extend the very evils to be checked. This condition of affairs is the more significant in that William Crooks, the well-known Labor member of Parliament, was one of the Poplar guardians. Thus it was under the most Progressive auspices that the paupers have increased fourfold, while the rates have jumped up almost as

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ominously. Early in 1904, the relieving officers had orders to grant outdoor relief to all applicants without insisting upon a labor test. The result was that the weekly cost rose from $450 to $1,500, though Inspector Davy reports that "there is good ground for thinking that the high figures of relief were artificial, and in no way represented the real need."

Many cases of flagrant abuse were unearthed. A typical instance is that of a certain Mrs. Carey, one of a deputation of unemployed women whom Premier Balfour received a year ago. She asserted that her husband was a dock laborer, seldom employed more than two days a week. They had six small children; and Mrs. Carey declared: "If something is not done, we shall have to eat one another, or else there will be bloodshed." Relief was given to this family by the guardians without investigation; but the official inquiry brought out the fact that Carey had earned $14 during the week preceding his wife's call upon Mr. Balfour, and that his average weekly earnings during 1904 and 1905 were nearly $10.

Management of the Poplar workhouse was so lax as practically to put a premium upon being a tramp. A generous dietary was provided—better, as Mr. Crooks admitted, than that of the self-supporting laborer. Tobacco and beer were freely supplied. This was against all rules, but the irregularity was got over by means of a medical certificate, saying that, in many cases, beer was necessary for reasons of health. However, when the medical examiner was called before the inspector, he testified that so much pressure was put upon him by the guardians that he could not refuse to give the certificate. But after the official inquiry, such certified beer almost ceased to exist. This may have been hard on the inmates, but it at least removed temptation from the guardians, some of whom had been seen on the workhouse premises drunk.

Poplar had also a farm-colony in Essex, where a hundred acres were procured and accommodation provided for 150 men. A summary of the report adds:

> They had three meat meals a day, with allowances of tobacco; and, as a farm of that size cultivated by plough in the ordinary way would not occupy more than four or five men, only spade labor was employed, the land being dug over and over again to give some pretence of work, however useless. The discipline was very lax; the chief constable of Essex complained of the conduct of the inmates, many of whom had convictions against their names.

Naturally, the experiment proved a total failure.

Such a concrete experience as this teaches its own lessons, and asks its unanswerable questions. The hardest of these is, "Who will pay the bills of Socialism?" That its cost will be great, is admitted by its more intelligent advocates. Ordinary taxes will not begin to cover it. Hence, as John Graham Brooks has pointed out in the November *Atlantic*, English Socialists are frankly going over to the plan of confiscatory taxes. They propose to take anywhere from 10 to 15 per cent. of the fortunes of the rich, who ought to be duly thankful that anything at all is left them. But an act of Parliament will first be necessary, and if the confiscators cannot even elect a borough council, how are they going to get a majority in the House of Commons?

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

The football season just ending has been distinguished by a great improvement in the game from the point of view of both players and spectators. The new rules have been successful in "opening up" the play, in giving larger opportunity to the individual player, and in making it possible for those watching to follow the ball as in early days of American football. The forward pass and the onside kick have added an interest and necessitated a skill lacking of late years. Most important of all, brains are now at a premium, instead of brawn. The fat, unwieldy players of a year ago have given way to lighter and more active men. It is no longer a question of battering-ram line-plunges, with both teams piled upon the man with the ball, or of wearing out opponents by incessant attacks upon one or two players. It takes head-work and strategy now to win, as was clearly proved at New Haven on Saturday. There the Harvard team, perfect in its line defence and superior in the old-fashioned football and in kicking, was easily defeated by the daring and the excellent tactics of the Yale eleven —wonderfully trained in the new rules by the master-coach, Walter Camp.

More than that, the spirit of the players has somewhat improved; they have behaved this year slightly more like gentlemen. This advance is not due to the extra official provided by the new rules, because in most games both captains have declined to avail themselves of the added umpire, a bad example which Harvard and Yale did not follow on Saturday. There is such need of this extra umpire that his presence should be made compulsory, if only to enforce the new and complicated rules. On every one of the large college teams, this year, save Cornell's, one or more men have been disqualified for foul play, which in past years would have been overlooked. Nevertheless, we must admit that this season, at least, there have been reported no flagrant cases of biting, gouging, or maiming. But, as F. S. Bangs of Columbia has pointed out, there is still room for improvement.

So far as accidents go, according to the Chicago *Tribune's* figures, the death roll has been decreased to eleven, while the serious injuries have fallen from 159 to 104. It is, of course, impossible to say whether the total number of players this year was greater or less, but probably the proportion of serious injuries has been smaller. It seems to be established, too, that the elimination of mass-play has decreased the risk of accidents to schoolboys, among whom still occur most of the deaths. That the danger of accident will disappear so long as men must come into violent personal contact is not to be expected. A bad fall while running in a broken field may be quite as disastrous as being doubled up under ten or fifteen excited players. But the hazard has been slightly reduced.

The general objections to football remain unchanged. President Eliot has noted that the game has been bettered; but he welcomed the opportunity afforded by the recent dinner to the Harvard crew to declare again for athletics of which the rules do not have to be changed from year to year. Lawn tennis and rowing are, in his opinion, the only sports fit for intercollegiate contests. He is, moreover, reported this week as saying that it would do Harvard "no harm to break off athletic relations with Yale, or even with every other university"—a sentiment in which we most heartily concur. To our minds, Columbia has lost nothing and gained much by her abolition of intercollegiate football, and we trust that her governing bodies will not allow themselves to be influenced by the clamor of the undergraduates for the restoration of the combats.

Changes in rules, more umpires, stronger insistence upon bona-fide students as players, are all well enough. Yet they do not touch the real vice of intercollegiate matches—the utter absorption of the undergraduates, the spectacular character of the struggles, the huge money stake, the newspaper notoriety—in short, the total disproportion of athletics to studies in the college world. Faculties and athletic committees have meekly submitted to the domination of the athletes; the scandals about professionalism, about hired outsiders, and financial mismanagement, are all too well known to bear repetition here. These evils must be grappled with and eradicated, for they are clear evidence that the great intercollegiate contests no longer serve the purpose for which they were intended—the stimulating of the mass of undergraduates to beneficial exercise.

TASTE VS. RULE IN ENGLISH.

The formal rule of grammar has lost much of its authority as an arbiter of English expression. Little of positive

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law is left in the linguistic Israel, and each may use without serious let or hindrance whatever form of speech is right in his own eyes. It is not the man who defies the grammarian that is put on the defensive to-day, but rather the one who is over-conspicuous in observing his dictates. Theoretically, formal grammar should be merely the succinct statement of the facts of good usage. Practically, the limits of good usage are always too vague to admit of succinct statement with any approach to scientific accuracy. The difficulties in the way of a scientifically unassailable code of "good English" are insurmountable, even for a single brief period, to say nothing of the fact that the best usage of one decade may differ in scores of particulars from that of the next. The downfall of the Harveys and Pinneos of our childhood, therefore, is due not simply to their many mistakes in points where accuracy was readily attainable. The most carefully elaborated code of rules based upon the usage of a former generation could not be rigidly fitted to the best English of the present.

The growing appreciation of this plasticity, even among the most highly cultivated and careful writers and speakers, makes it unlikely that the credit of rules of grammar as such will ever be fully restored, even with scholarly and unceasing revision. Only a few of the most fundamental and persistent facts of expression will be left to the dogmatic method. For all beyond that the dependence will be upon the cultivation of taste rather than the memorizing of rules. Unfortunately, however, mere emancipation from cramping rules does not implant the germs of good taste. A newly realized freedom may tempt to license in language as readily as in anything else. The readiness with which even educated people fall into slang proves that the current lack of respect for the rules of linguists has passed with many to the point of disrespect for language itself. Quintilian's pious declaration of reverence for speech as that gift of the gods which most sharply distinguishes man from the lower animals would seem strained to-day; but as compared with the opposite extreme there can be no question which attitude is likely to make language of the greater service.

The fundamental position of critics like Professor Lounsbury, who have been brushing away the ill-supported claims of the grammars and dictionaries to final authority, has been widely misunderstood. In showing that the split infinitive, for instance, has been used sporadically by good English writers for centuries past, Professor Lounsbury has neither proved nor intended to prove that good English usage demands the uniform insertion into the infinitive of all that it can be made to hold. His warfare is against the habit of dogmatic assertion that no good writer would use such or such an expression, when the archives of literature show that various writers of incontestably good standing *have* done so. But while he is not to blame for the blithe readiness of his fellow-citizens to overdraw their account at the bank of logic, the fact of this readiness perhaps puts the responsibility upon men like him, teachers of English possessed of national reputation and influence, to do positive work upon the ground which has so effectively been cleared of the jerry-built grammatical structures of the past. To many, Professor Lounsbury has seemed to prove that all things are *lawful*; may we not look to him now for some positive aid to bewildered teachers and pupils in our schools in determining what is or is not *expedient*? Lowell once defined the ideal of Harvard as the development in her students of "that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul." Something akin to this is wanted in the special realm of language, if the passing of the grammatical decalogue is not to be signal for linguistic anarchy.

Only the exceptional child is born into a circle where, because of the absence of anything but good models to imitate, it learns no habits of speech but the best. The great majority must acquaint themselves with good English, if at all, against the influence of daily surroundings, and chiefly by the study of written models. But the study of models, unfortunately, is a deceptive process. It is not alone the Browning or Whitman enthusiast who will mistake a characteristic blemish for a peculiar mark of virtue; and blemishes, as the Roman rhetorician noticed centuries ago, are much easier to imitate than virtues. Then, too, even in its most perfect achievement, a mere superficial imitation is so evidently undesirable that willingness to attempt it is a pretty plain evidence of mental weakness. The study of models for the cultivation of style can be a safe reliance only as the student learns to see through the surface to underlying principles, and then to apply those principles with a strict regard to difference of subject and circumstance. As a guide to that kind of study, there is room for a critical analysis of representative authors somewhere between the broad sweep of such essays as Lowell's appreciation of Milton or Spenser, and the inadequate and pedantic treatment found in the typical school or college text-book. If the chief agents in the final removal of the false guide-boards of the past will but blaze a possible path to good English in this direction, they will win the gratitude of many who find themselves for the present decidedly bewildered by the loss of the old and faulty authorities.

THE BOOKS OF A POET AND BIBLIOGRAPHER.

The library of the late Richard Garnett, Keeper of the Printed Books of the British Museum, is soon to be put up at auction in London. The catalogue is of no slight interest to bibliophiles, representing as it does the personal preferences and accumulations of a trained bibliographer, who was also a poet and a critic. Garnett was a man who knew both the outsides and insides of books as few men of our time. His long service at the British Museum gave him an intimate knowledge of the book market, and the best facilities both for purchase and collation. It is curious, then, to note that he was personally very little of a bibliophile, being apparently, with all his love of books, devoid of any insatiable desire of personal possession. Rarities bought as such were exceptional on his shelves. As he was a poet and the friend of poets, presentation copies came naturally his way. One finds, for example, gifts ranging all the way from Coventry Patmore to William Watson. In fact, such records of friendship give color to the whole collection. But it is strange to note that so famous a specialist on books possessed, for example, practically no incunabula, and only such early printed books—few at that—as served his historical studies.

A sound psychological reason for this void may be found in his daily routine. Clearly, early printing and quaint title-pages could make little appeal to the mere curiosity of one behind the scenes in the British Museum. It seems as if abundance of knowledge had chastened any collector's covetousness he may have been born with. For a Garnett, the quais of Paris and the back streets of Florence could have afforded few surprises. He could presumably hardly remember a time when he first thrilled at the sight of old stamped pigskin, or an illegible scrap of manuscript bound into a sixteenth-century tome. All these things were from youth a part of his work, and he seems to have purged himself of the gnawing desire that masters your true amateur.

On the other hand, there came easily to him treasures for which many of us put our bank accounts and consciences in pawn. A grandson of Coleridge gave him the annotated Ariosto of "S. T. C." Shelley's son gave him three manuscript notebooks of the poet, containing, besides the "Ode to the West Wind," unpublished memoranda for "Adonais," "The Cenci," and "Charles I." It was a rather poor return for this courtesy that Garnett made in later years by unearthing and republishing one of Shelley's well-forgotten juvenile romances. But it was ever difficult to keep the cult of Shelley in the grooves of common sense. Garnett was no more a victim of excessive piety than many an-

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other worshipper at this flickering shrine. It is to his credit, however, that he used a greater discretion with regard to the Shelley notebooks, which remain in great part undivulged—properly so, we presume. Curiously enough, for so convinced a Shelleyan, Garnett had never been foresighted enough to secure the contemporary first editions of his idol, although his collection of biographical material was extensive. Again, ready access to the *penetralia* of the British Museum explains much.

Beyond a small group of pamphlets and books relating to the British Museum and to Dante, the library differs from that of the average scholarly gentleman chiefly in those presentation copies that we have already mentioned. Thomas Hardy, Richard Jefferies, and George Meredith are the brightest names in this list, though few of the younger British writers failed, at one time or another, to pay some tribute of respect to their learned colleague. Inscribed copies from foreign writers and scholars are surprisingly rare, for the keeper's duties brought him little in contact with readers at the Museum. Those who have had occasion to consult him by letter can testify to his unfailing courtesy and serviceableness.

As befitted a high official at a venerable library, his sympathy with what are called the newer movements appears to have been defective. To him, probably, the *nouveau jeu* was represented by the writers for the *Germ*, of which bibliographical treasure he had an original copy. It is a little surprising, then, to find that his file of the *Yellow Book* is complete; but this is due possibly to the fact that he was a contributor, having been chosen, apparently, to ballast with his name and erudition that decidedly whimsical enterprise. In general, Garnett's concession to modernity seems to have been the minimum practicable for a titular critic. This appears in a singular omission in his scanty collection of Americana. It is probable that no other British critic of equal repute would fail to have a copy of Walt Whitman. But to the "Good Gray Poet" and the tedious literature surrounding him, Garnett appears to have been blessedly oblivious.

Upon American literature, indeed, Garnett seems to have had the old-time notions. Like many Englishmen of liberal stamp, he was an Emersonian, possessing two sets of the works; otherwise his American library consisted largely of Edmund Clarence Stedman's "American Anthology" and an edition of Poe, the gift of Prof. George E. Woodberry, one of the editors. Hawthorne is unrepresented, and Lowell also. But Garnett was interested in that undervalued American writer, Herman Melville, owning not only a copy of "The Whale" ("Moby Dick"), but also the two volumes of the remarkable, if unread, religious poem. "Clarel: a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

Such an excursion in these rewarding but little known fields suggests that Garnett never fully lost the adventurous spirit that makes a good reader. It is clear that he never really regarded himself as a collector. There have unquestionably been great librarians who were also great collectors, but in general it seems that the ideal bibliographer must cultivate a disinterestedness alien to the apparently kindred pursuit of bibliopolism.

CONFERENCE ON SECONDARY EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., November 24.

On Friday and Saturday there met at the University of Virginia the State university presidents, the State superintendents of public instruction, and the university professors of secondary education from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Among other guests were the United States Commissioner of Education, secretary of the General Education Board of New York, president of the University of Texas, presidents of the Virginia colleges, five State examiners of Virginia, Dr. S. A. Knapp of Louisiana, D. J. Crosby of the United States Department of Agriculture, and Professor Lockhead of MacDonald College, Canada. The object of this meeting was to consider the present condition of public high schools in the six States above mentioned, to plan a coöperative campaign for the establishment and development of more public high schools, to draw up bills on the subject for legislative enactment, and to work out the general principles of organization, supervision, and support. It was peculiarly fitting that a gathering of this kind should be held at the university founded by Thomas Jefferson as the capstone of the public school system, including free high schools within the reach of every child. This complete system of public education has not yet been realized in Virginia or in the South, though the Western States have carried out Jefferson's ideals with remarkable success. The present high school movement in the South is intended to give to this section similar school advantages to those now enjoyed elsewhere.

The conference was the direct outcome of the General Education Board's interest in Southern educational progress. This board is contributing to six universities the salaries and expenses of the professors of secondary education, who are the leaders in the high school campaign. For the last year these men have been studying the situation in their respective States, have been organizing high schools at "strategic points," and have directed the educational enthusiasm of officials, teachers, and citizens, to this particular need. The monthly report of each professor has been manifolded at the board's office in New York, and sent to the other professors in order that the experience of each may aid the work of all. After a year of such beginnings, this conference was called in order to systematize results, and to decide on definite plans for the future.

The sessions were not public, and the discussions were free and informal. Each general topic was first presented in one or two papers, and then considered by the conference as a whole. The morning of Friday was spent on the question, "In what definite ways may the State Department of Education further the establishment and development of a system of public high schools?" The State superintendents outlined conditions in their respective States, and suggested plans for improving these conditions. It was evident that the laws and traditions of the different States are too diverse to allow uniform plans. There are variations in the method of levying taxes for schools—by county court or county commissioners, by direct vote of the people, etc.; there are variations in the minimum and maximum of school tax permitted by law; there are variations in local school units—district, township, or county; there are variations in the authority of local and State school boards. Some of the six States already have high school laws; others have none. Some allow high schools to be supported out of the general school fund; others require special taxation. In spite of these differences, the discussions resulted in establishing several principles of importance: the necessity of State supervision of high schools, the value of State appropriations to promote local self-help, the emphasis to be put upon both county (or township) and district support, the need of opening high schools in towns and villages to children of the rural communities, the advisability of starting with three grades of high schools, etc.

The afternoon was devoted to the relations of the State university and the professors of secondary education to the public high schools. The professors reported on the work so far done by them, and plans were made for further advance. In the evening a reception was given to the members of the conference by the faculty and students of the University of Virginia.

Saturday morning was devoted to agriculture in the high school, papers being read by Dr. Knapp and Mr. Crosby, and discussed by Professor Lockhead. It was the opinion of the Conference that a creditable course in agriculture, suited to local conditions, should be a part of the curriculum of every rural high school. At present there are in Alabama nine district agricultural high schools, supported by the State. The last Georgia Legislature appropriated to eleven district agriculture high schools, to be located at accessible points, certain fees that will give each district about $6,000 a year.

The amount and methods of science teaching in the high school were taken up in the afternoon, there being some difference of opinion as to the place of natural science in such schools. Then followed the discussion of the agencies and methods of training teachers for the public high schools in the South. The present meagre opportunities for preparing these teachers were outlined and means suggested for meeting present needs. The evening was spent in an informal talk about various matters brought up in former sessions.

The present conditions of public high schools in these six States are on the whole

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encouraging; and the large number of private high schools has greatly aided in supplying past and present deficiencies. Through a $50,000 legislative appropriation of last March, the Virginia State Board of Education has organized one hundred and forty-nine new public high schools. The University of Georgia has so used its accrediting system as to develop fairly good high schools in most of the towns of the State. Tennessee is rapidly organizing county high schools at convenient centres, open to all the children in the county. North Carolina, South Carolina, and Alabama are not so well advanced in regard to high schools, attention having been concentrated on the building up of an efficient system of elementary schools. Of course, the cities throughout the South have for years had public high schools of various grades of efficiency. The present movement is not for them, except indirectly; it is for the small towns in the rural districts, thus equalizing the advantages in the different sections of the State. The next five years in the South will witness such a growth of elementary and secondary education, as will affect every phase of Southern life and achievement.

Correspondence.

THE CASE OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Whatever the provocation, and confessedly it was the moral one of antipathy, not a physical imposition, shots were fired from the gallery of one of the barracks in Fort Brown into a neighboring dwelling beyond the wall, and almost simultaneously other shots were fired into the town from the vicinity of two other occupied barracks. Immediately, and as if by prearrangement, an armed party, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen, scaled the wall and began to fire into the houses of near-by residents. There certainly was no present provocation of any sort. One man was killed and one wounded within a building; a police officer who had no arms in his hands was gravely wounded in the street, and his horse was killed; and very many shots were fired with intention into houses where women and children were sleeping and men and women were sitting quietly. It is clear that unprovoked murderous assaults with firearms were made by the concerted action of a number of soldiers acting in direct defiance of military regulations and in violation of civil law.

As a military offence, it was not only subversive of all discipline, but closely approached mutiny in spirit if not technically. Why were not these men at once apprehended? Besides the general oversight of a company exercised by its first sergeant, a non-commissioned officer is always in charge of each barrack, whose particular duty it is to preserve order and to see that the public property is not misused. The arms are always kept in locked gun-racks, and ammunition is in the hands of the men only when specially served. The stain of firing may readily be removed where there are facilities, but a dozen or more rifles cannot be cleaned in the middle of the night without attracting attention, any more than they could be surreptitiously removed without observation.

Officers might readily fail to anticipate such an outbreak from troops whose previous record had been good, and who had been stationed there less than a fortnight. Whether after its occurrence the officers did or did not at once do what they should to discover the guilty, is beside the present question. That question is: What is possible to be done, when discipline is so far subverted that an entire battalion, known to contain such lawless and dangerous men, substitutes for the manifest requirements of justice its own code for the concealment and protection of the guilty? It is morally certain that each company contained rioters whom non-participants could, if they would, pick out. It is preposterous to suppose that those non-commissioned officers, or the most of the privates, would hesitate to denounce cowardice in action, or, if possible, to apprehend a deserter going over to the enemy. To class the obduracy that refused in any way to assist the three successive inspectors with the code that restrains a boy from "peaching" upon a schoolmate who transgresses a master's regulation, is more than illogical; it is wicked. That the receiver is as bad as the thief is no more true than that an accomplice after the fact is fairly *particeps criminis*. Discharge without honor, clearly within the President's authority, is mild punishment for men so lost to military pride. They sacrifice nothing but the privilege of wearing the uniform they have disgraced. A false loyalty of comradeship has made them disloyal to the military service, and through it to the nation, and has generated a conspiracy of criminal silence that in anticipation would have been thought incredible.

Alfred A. Woodhull.

Princeton, N. J., November 23.

[The word "peaching," in so far as it suggests a minor offence, was unhappily chosen. We have no desire to minimize the crimes of the riotous negro soldiers. No one can denounce their lawlessness in terms too severe for our amen. The point which we wish to emphasize is that in the present condition of sentiment, in the army and out, regarding informers of all kinds, the refusal of the soldiers to tell who did the shooting is scarcely surprising, though it is none the less deplorable. We feel that under the circumstances a wholesale punishment by dishonorable discharge serves the ends neither of justice nor of discipline.—Ed. Nation.]

THE HONOR SYSTEM IN COLLEGE AND OUT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Hyde's letter in the *Nation* of November 15 touches the core of a matter where cause and effect are persistently confused. Whether in college or out of it, the recognition, even implicitly, of the possibility of a double standard of honor is an ethical blunder. The so-called "honor system," as *sometimes* understood, proceeds upon a supposition that the laws of organized society exist not to protect the honest man, but to terrorize him into good behavior. It harks back to the law of the jungle, where each beast takes what he can. There is no more a divergence of interests between faculty and students than there is between the judges on the Supreme Bench and any law-abiding citizen. It is just as much to the interest of one as the other in each case that a malefactor—whether the forger of a cheque or the would-be thief of a B.A. degree—be promptly detected and punished.

As one who has had only a limited chance, and that some time ago, to observe the workings of the "honor system" in examinations, I am willing to defer to those who have had more experience. If a system is ethically sound and also the most practicable, it is to be welcomed. But first of all, we must clear the atmosphere of the befogging fallacy that students may be expected to cheat if watched. An honest man, we repeat, has no quarrel with either policeman or judge, with proctor or professor. Why should he have? We must also indignantly reject the plan, sometimes introduced, that the instructors, having turned such matters over to others, must be oblivious to fraud. No one can shift his responsibility altogether. All are guardians of the law. It is a question of manhood suffrage. Personally, I believe that maturer minds are best fitted to weigh evidence. A jury of students might, perhaps, impose the penalty.

But what concerns us primarily is not the particular system adopted, but the attitude assumed by all concerned, and Mr. Hyde has done a public service in making this general attitude clear. One might wish, however, that he had stated one point in different language. By way of showing that honor is not a thing to be confined to examinations he urges that the students in Southern colleges should cease to "look lightly" on "sexual offences" which leave on character more lasting scars than "cheating in examinations." Whether or no Southern students are essentially worse in this respect than Northern students I will leave to the impartial statistician, but this chiastic contrast of sins will, I fear, distract the attention of some readers from the main thesis. What one should emphasize is that, while immorality of the one sort undermines a man's fitness for society, the habit of "cribbing" in examinations would logically be fit training for the defaulter.

Many of the protests of "Protestantism" were based upon sound reason, and the protest against legal oaths made by the Quakers is germane to this discussion as asserting that a man's word is too sacred to be nullified by a child's reservation of "over the left" or to be reinforced by an oath on the Bible. For college haziness in regard to moral standards the students have not always been solely to blame. In a certain college catalogue, from the years 1891-2 to 1896-7, used to occur a formula administered to entering undergraduates, beginning: "We, the undersigned, do individually for ourselves promise, without any mental reservation, that" . . . and closing: "We also declare that we regard ourselves bound to keep this promise and on no account what-

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ever to violate it." This surprising recognition of a succession of mental reservations has been for some years, I believe, discarded by the institution in question. Unfortunately, there still survives, even among some members of our college faculties, the notion that the ordinary criminal law ceases to be applicable to the student during the four years of his college life. This survival of an ancient privilege is now a mischievous anachronism. College students claim the privileges of independent living; they must accept its responsibilities. FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University, Providence, November 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President Hyde of Bowdoin understates the case, I think, when he says, in your issue of November 15, that the "honor system" is of long standing in "several Southern colleges." It is so, I think, in nearly all Southern colleges—at least in nearly (if not quite) all of the best repute. And he might have added—as I now do—that no college (North or South) has ever tried this system in good faith without satisfaction with the results.

I regret the phrase "honor system." There is no such "system." It is simply the honor principle. Its application to examinations is only one of its aspects, and by no means the most important. As I understand the "honor principle," it is, above all, the obligation to truthfulness and honesty—not in examinations only, but everywhere. Its test is the scorn of a lie, everywhere, as unmanly, cowardly, disgraceful. If I am at all right in this conception I cannot agree with President Hyde that this sentiment should "come to the surface" *"only under such stirring experience as love* or war." On the contrary, it should be everywhere present and potent, in the least as well as in the greatest things.

I sympathize with that Southern student who inquired in advance whether the examination was to be conducted on honor or not. If I am trusted, I am under the obligation of honor to be worthy of confidence. If I am under espionage or suspicion, I recognize no such obligation (beyond my own self-respect). If the principle means: "You crib if you can; I catch you if I can," I shudder to think of its influence upon character, not only during student life, but upon the standards of conduct and business in after years. Our colleges should at least set the highest ideals of conduct, even if imperfectly attainable. The honor system, I admit, is far from perfect in results, but it is at least an effort to recognize what is best.

I write this with the most profound respect for President Hyde, to whose example and to whose writings I have been accustomed to look for the highest ethical ideals. I am well aware that I have no authority to set against the weight of his name. But I have a long and wide experience, and, at the end of it all, in spite of all shortcomings, an unshaken faith in the essential honor and honesty of American youth, if they are treated honorably and trusted as gentlemen. I have seen this very confidence transform character. Let President Hyde try it at Bowdoin—for just one year—with faith, with patience, with forbearance. I venture to predict that he would add his testimony to that of all others who have so tried it.

EDWARD S. JOYNES.

University of South Carolina, Columbia, November 18.

ACQUIRING A TASTE FOR LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your articles on teaching literature in the schools confirm me in my feeling that to live with people who know the great writers of English is worth hours and volumes of set instruction.

Just here may I venture upon something personal? My father and mother were hard working people, with little time for anything but toil; yet, loving books, they made time to read them; and of their experience made an atmosphere of healthy interest for their children. In the North Church, of which Dr. Samuel Spring was pastor, there had been founded a library where the members of the parish had access to the works of Addison, Pope, and Locke, of Goldsmith and Johnson. These books were in a case in the vestry. For Sunday reading we owned a few volumes: Bunyan, "Paradise Lost," with some narrow religious memoirs. We learned much of the Bible by heart. Pierpont's Readers gave us lessons, extracts in prose and verse from some of the best writings, English and American. [Doubtless there was much in the earlier reading that was beyond us; but enough was made ours to become a priceless possession, and to prepare the way for fuller apprehension of, not less than the delight in, the literature of later years.]

I cite these facts, not as exceptional, but as instances of how workers for daily bread improved the small time at their command, and how greatly the sum of happiness was increased for themselves and their children. I have many similar cases in mind. There is a mistaken notion that the common people are debarred appreciation of our literature, except as it comes through school and college. L.

Newburyport, Mass., November 15.

Notes.

The Oxford University Press has now ready a "Life of Frederick York Powell, with a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings," by Oliver Elton. With his friendships and enthusiasms and insatiable curiosity, Powell ought to afford material for an unusual biography.

The Sproul Company is issuing the "University Press Shakespeare" in forty volumes. Sidney Lee furnishes a General Introduction and notes, the latter at the foot of the pages. Various well-known writers contribute Introductions to the separate plays. The Cambridge text is used by arrangement with the Macmillan Company.

Longmans, Green & Co. are printing an adaptation, by P. A. Barnett, of Goffeaux's "De Robinsone Crusoëo," which is nothing less than a Latin version of our well-known Robinson. The new edition is adapted for young readers.

Two volumes of the "Thesaurus Linguae Latinae" have appeared, and the international committee in charge of the work has arranged to issue the third volume under charge of the general editor, Dr. Lommatzsch of Munich. Dr. Alfred Giesecke, of the firm of G. B. Teubner, recently established a fund yielding five thousand marks a year in the interests of the work.

Prescott still continues to be read, which is praise that can be given to very few of the historians. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have brought out a library edition of his Complete Works, in twelve volumes, *fully illustrated.* It presents a readable page.

We have before us from the same publishers eighteen volumes of their thin-paper classics in flexible leather bindings. The poets—Burns, Keats, Longfellow, Tennyson, etc.—are compressed within a single volume each; other works, such as Boswell's "Johnson," Carlyle's "French Revolution," and Hugo's "Les Misérables," extend to sets of two volumes. The longest of these, "Les Misérables," is still in fair-sized type. There are photogravure frontispieces, and to many of the works specially prepared Introductions.

A striking poem by William Vaughn Moody, "The Death of Eve," is one of the features of the December *Century.* In form and substance, it is far removed from the smooth commonplaces of most magazine verse.

In "Lincoln the Lawyer" (The Century Co.) Frederick Trevor Hill gives us a good reason for welcoming his book, which is that "no one has heretofore attempted a summing up of the great President's legal career." Many accounts of Lincoln at the bar and many anecdotes about him are scattered through the pages of Herndon, Arnold, Holland, Lamon, and Nicolay, but this book is the first effort to make a careful estimate of his position and reputation as a lawyer, and to present the main features of his twenty-three years' practice in the Illinois courts. No layman—not to mention the lawyer—can fail to be interested by evidence so carefully sifted and a story so well told. Indeed, many parts of the book have almost the value of original documents, since the writer has gathered much material at first hand from Judge Weldon, James Ewing, Col. Peter Dey, and other witnesses. In some cases we wish for more detail. It seems a pity that the important speech delivered by Lincoln in the case of Hurd vs. Railroad Bridge Co., a full report of which was preserved by the late Representative Hitt, should not have been printed as one of the appendices. Again we may regret that only the last chapter of 17 pages is devoted to Lincoln's work as President, in which, as the author shows, his legal training was often of the greatest value. When these chapters first appeared in the *Century Magazine,* the illustrations were far better and more numerous than those of the present volume.

Sir Oliver Lodge's "School Teaching and School Reform" (London: Williams & Norgate) contains four lectures delivered to secondary teachers in training at the University of Birmingham. They discuss in a sketchy way the aims of the various subjects of the curriculum, and the methods of teaching those subjects. There are scattered pages on interest, attention, and other psychological topics. A portion of

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one lecture is devoted to boarding-school problems—the fag system, the utilization of pupils' leisure, and the increase of teachers' salaries. Rambling, superficial, and trite, are adjectives which fairly characterize the work. Sir Oliver Lodge is entitled to much more than a respectful hearing in the field of physics, but these lectures illustrate once more the fallacy of inferring that because men are distinguished in a special branch of learning, their casual utterances on educational questions outside that field are particularly worthy of attention.

"The Art of Class Management and Discipline," by Joseph S. Taylor (A. S. Barnes & Co.), "is intended as a slight contribution to the art of class discipline. It is offered to that hapless young woman who is just beginning to teach." There is need of such a book, certainly, but the character of this contribution scarcely justifies its publication. In the main it consists of stale generalizations which are undoubtedly true, but which can scarcely aid a teacher who faces for the first time a live class and the concrete problems which it offers for her immediate solution. Chapter IV. on devices of class government is specific so far as it goes, and the same remark applies to scattered pages of other chapters. The remainder of the book is a dreary waste.

Americans of Welsh extraction cannot but feel interest in the forthcoming publication of the life and letters of Edward Lhuyd (1660-1709). Few Welshmen have been held in higher esteem, have done better service to their nation, or displayed greater intellectual brilliance and versatility. Sir Hans Sloane spoke of him as "the best naturalist in Europe," and he was no less distinguished in the realms of language and archæology. What gives his work its special value is the fact that in many cases, *e. g.*, in Celtic philology, he made use of methods which are usually associated with modern research. We know that he trained and supported a band of Oxford undergraduates, and travelled with them in the United Kingdom and Brittany to collect materials for his books. Their hardly-won information—they were chased by robbers in Ireland, treated as conjurors in Wales, arrested as thieves in Cornwall—was embodied in his "Lythophylacii Britannici Ichnographia" (printed at the expense of Sir Isaac Newton and others) and his "Archæologia Britannica," as well as in the writings of Ray, Lister, Baxter, Nicholson, etc. The life and correspondence are to be brought out by Richard Ellis of Jesus College, of which foundation Lhuyd was also a member. The letters he wrote himself are to be followed by those which reached him from Oxford during his travels. These are particularly valuable, since to some extent they bridge over the gap which opens with the death of Antony Wood in 1695, and is not closed until 1705, when Hearne's diaries begin. In the course of the next few months a mural tablet is to be erected to his memory in the Welsh aisle of St. Michael's Church, Oxford, by the Edward Lhuyd Society.

"Les Druides et les Dieux Celtiques à formes d'animaux" (Paris: Honoré Champion) adds yet another to the series of chatty little volumes by H. D'Arbois de Jubainville. Among the most interesting chapters is that which deals with the "gutuatri," the Gaulish priests, or flamens; literally, those who invoke the gods, (Compare the English "god," meaning "the invoked," and Gothic "gudja," the invoker, *i. e.*, the priest.) We hear of one of them in Hirtius's addition to Cæsar's Gallic Commentaries. M. De Jubainville, by the way, compares the gutuatri with Chryses, the Priest of Apollo, in the "Iliad," not, as might have been expected, with the Druids. A good deal of space is devoted to contrasting these latter with Pythagoras and his disciples. Unlike the Pythagoreans, the Druids believed that death was the middle point in a long life, and that their souls went to a land of bliss beyond the limits of ocean to vivify new bodies. This view comes nearer to that referred to by Hesiod, *circa* 700 B. C., and by the author of the "Odyssey." We need scarcely say that the book is crammed with learning; it is somewhat elementary in places, but generally speaking to the purpose. We recommend it to students of Celtic history and thought.

Paul V. Bacon furnishes a new edition of Heyse's "L'Arrabbiata" (Boston: Allyn & Bacon). That which distinguishes the book from other editions is an interesting introduction narrating a personal visit to Heyse at his home in Munich, when the author told, among other things, of a Swiss who had heard of Heyse's "Im Paradiese," and sent in his card, happy in the thought of meeting the author of "Paradise Lost"! The editor visited Sorrento and Capri to verify certain allusions in the story. One could wish, however, that the book were embellished with illustrations of the author and the scenes he describes—factors of greater value to the American student reaching out after foreign culture than is often realized.

The publishing house of the Viuda de Ch. Bouret, Paris and Mexico City, has just brought out two books which, though remotely separated in time, both deal with the development of a national spirit in Mexico. It is only in so far as this is in some degree true that the title of the first, "Los precursorès de la independencia Mexicana en el siglo xvi.," is justified. The author, Luis Gonzalez Obregón, treats of the dissensions of Cortés and his followers with the Spanish crown and its agents, and of the movements later in the sixteenth century, wherein the conquerors and their sons displayed a tendency to resist authority, and even to throw off allegiance to Spain. Events of this sort up to 1568 alone are studied; and only the title itself connects these events with the Mexican wars of independence in the nineteenth century. It would be interesting to have traced out for us as to Mexico alone the tendencies toward separation which were notable in practically all the Spanish colonies almost from the first. In the other book the author, who remains anonymous, has made what he calls "an essay in historical psychology" under the title "Porfirio Diaz (September, 1830—September, 1865)," his aim being thus to reveal "the life of the people in its intimate phases as shown in the life of a man who is all transparent." Some apparently new data as to Diaz's birth and origin are brought out. This is, however, no adequate biography of Diaz even for his early life and military career—indeed, no such biography may be expected during his lifetime. The real value of this work lies in its frequent reproductions of passages from what may be called Diaz's own memoirs of his boyhood and military career up to the end of the French intervention. These are the recollections of Diaz, as related by him in recent years to the late Matiás Romero, who put them in order for private publication. Translations from them were furnished to an Englishwoman, who recently wrote a book on Diaz, and who used them as "hitherto unpublished" selections from the "diary" of the pacificator of Mexico. It was this use of them which seems to have inspired the idea of making them more generally available in Spanish, and the anonymous author has evidently full authorization for such use. It would be much more interesting and valuable to have the "Memoirs" in their entirety, as edited by Romero, and approved by Diaz; but we note as perhaps significant the statement of our author that only a few of the "initiated" have seen these memoirs, and that, "owing to certain defects beyond remedy, they may have to become entirely dead letter."

Number 8 in the series of "Unpublished or Very Rare Documents for the History of Mexico" is "Causa instruida contra el General Leonardo Marquez por graves delitos del órden militar" (Mexico City: Librería de la Vda. de Ch. Bouret). These are the documents in the trial of Gen. Marquez for insubordination, embargo of money designed for the general treasury, etc., under the reactionary government of Miramon in 1859. The trial was suspended in 1860 because the reactionists were in straits and needed the services of Marquez in the field. The suspension became definite with the fall of the government which instigated the trial, and Marquez figured again in the anti-Juarez ranks as a general of the Intervention and Maximilian's Empire; and escaped to Havana after having, in Maximilian's conception, betrayed him. These documents, apart from the matter of personal interest, contain material bearing on the so-called "Wars of the Reform."

Lady Jebb is preparing a life of the late Sir Richard Jebb, to be published before the end of next year. She will be grateful for the loan of letters written by Sir Richard, and she will return them as soon as they are copied. Her address is Springfield, Cambridge, England.

Léon Vanderkindere, well known as a politician and historian, died in Brussels this month, at the age of sixty-four. At one time he was a professor at the Brussels Free University. Among his best-known writings are "The Age of Arteveldes," 1879, "Belgian History in the Middle Ages," 1890, and "The Territorial Formation of the Belgian Principality in the Middle Ages."

A monument to Calvin is to be erected in Geneva in 1909, the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The money is being raised by an international committee, headed by Prof. Lucien Gautier of Lausanne.

From an article by Dr. Ernest Schultze in the *Sociale Praxis* of Berlin, on "People's Libraries in German Villages," it appears that there has been a five-fold increase in the number of these libraries

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during the last ten years. In 1895 there were less than one thousand; now there are between five and six thousand. Their distribution is very uneven throughout the empire. The kingdoms of Saxony and Wurtemburg and the provinces of Brandenburg and Schleswig-Holstein have the largest supply, while Bavaria, Alsace-Lorraine, and Mecklenburg have few. More significant even than the great increase in numbers, says Dr. Schultze, are the enlargement and improvement in quality.

The problem of a "learned proletariat," or a supply of university graduates far beyond the demands of the professions in Germany, a subject that perplexed Bismarck, is again under discussion. Dr. J. Conrod, an authority on political economy in the University of Halle, has published an article on the subject in the latest issue of the "Jahrbücher für Nationalökonomie und Statistik." In analyzing the causes he declares that a sentimental pride in higher education as such, originating in the class distinctions of the Middle Ages, and the failure to appreciate the intellectual demands of the productive callings of modern life are largely responsible. As remedies he suggests that matriculation fees be materially increased; and that stipendia at the disposal of the universities be given only to students showing special qualification. In addition he urges that the consequences of overcrowding the professions be published far and wide.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

E. Gordon Duff's "Printers, Stationers, and Bookbinders of Westminster and London from 1476 to 1534," just published here by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is made up of two series of lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge, in 1899 and 1904. The author is the recognized living authority on earliest English printers and their books, and is of that comparatively new school of bibliographers of which the late Robert Proctor was the most prominent. The custom of the older writers was to describe a book, the title, the colophon, the number of leaves, the illustrations, etc., then to pass on to the next. William Blades with Caxton's work, and Proctor with that of the Continental printers, based studies on the comparison and classification of books by the types with which they were printed. It was also the way of Henry Bradshaw, who, as late as 1882, wrote to Francis Fry:

> The only way to really find out about these things is to take all a man's books which he is known to have printed—or, at any rate, such as can be got at—and to study his habits of printing; not only his type and cuts, but also his habits of using these materials. . . . But I really do not know three people in Europe now living who study things in this way.

In these lectures the first half-century of book-making in England is covered. The Westminster printers, Caxton, Wynken de Worde, and Notary; the London printers, Pynson, Lettou, and William de Machlinia; foreign printers and the books they made for the English market; the early English bookbinders—these are some of the subjects touched upon. The lectures are narrative in form, not technical, and are filled with interesting allusions and notes on old printers and their ways, old books, and old bindings. They are in the nature of outlines of that larger work on the history and development of printing in England which is yet to be written.

The Society of Iconophiles has recently published a volume which will interest all collectors of prints relating to New York city. It is an Index to the illustrations in the famous series of New York City Common Council Manuals prepared by Davis T. Valentine, Clerk of the Council. The Index itself has been prepared by R. H. Lawrence, secretary of the Society. The Introduction (19 pages) is by William Loring Andrews, preëminently a lover of pictures of old New York. The first Manual, for 1841 and 1842, is a little volume of 185 pages measuring 4¾ by 3½ inches. It is the scarcest and most valuable of the series. The size of the volume was enlarged for the issue of 1844 and 1845, again in 1849; and finally in 1868, 1869, and 1870 the annual became a large octavo. The Index as here printed is divided into four sections: (1.) Plates and Maps; (2.) Maps and Plans of the City of New York and Vicinity; (3.) Miscellaneous Maps; (4.) Facsimiles, Letters, Signatures, Documents, Broadsides, and Certificates. Following these lists, which give titles in full, is a general short title Index in a single alphabet to all illustrations. The volume is printed at the Gillis Press. The copies not taken by members of the Society are offered for sale by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sidney Lee, chairman of the executive committee of the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, issues the announcement that the trustees have acquired perfect copies, in exceptionally fine condition, of quartos of "The Merchant of Venice," 1600, and "King Lear," 1608. For these the trustees paid a little more than one thousand pounds, and they now appeal for more generous public support in order to make the Shakespeare Birthplace Library "altogether worthy of its national character."

Three works printed by William Caxton have been discovered by Hodgson, the London auctioneer, in a private collection sent for sale from Whitley Beaumont, Yorkshire. The three volumes, all more or less damaged by the cutting away of blank margins or the abstraction of entire leaves, are "The Royal Book, or Book for a King," 1484, "The Book of Good Manners," 1487, and "The Doctrinal of Sapience," 1489. The first, according to the London *Athenæum*, contains only 100 out of 160 leaves, and only three of six woodcuts. The second book, of which there are but two perfect copies in England, contains sixty out of sixty-six leaves. "The Doctrinal of Sapience" has fifty out of ninety-two leaves.

Stan. V. Henkels will sell at the auction rooms of Davis & Harvey in Philadelphia, on Friday and Saturday of this week, the collection of portraits of officers in the army and navy in the War of the Revolution, of 1812, and the Mexican War, also views of land and naval battles, belonging to James T. Mitchell, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. There are many contemporary portraits in mezzotint, and there is a notable collection of pictures of John Paul Jones.

The third portion of the library of Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, being his books relating to the history of Pennsylvania and his collection of periodicals, will be sold by Mr. Henkels on December 5 and 6. The collection, containing, all told, 1,231 lots, is especially rich, so far as rarities are concerned, in German, Dutch, and Swedish books on Pennsylvania. Among these are books on New Sweden by Acrelius, Biorck, Campanius Holm, and Hesselius; among Dutch books are Vander Donck's "Beschryvinge van Nieuw Nederlant," 1656& and Webb's "Nader Informatio en Bericht," 1686; and among the German books, Pastorius's "Beschreibung der zu allerletzt erfunden Provintz Pensylvaniae," 1700; and a translation of Thomas's "Pennsylvania and West New Jersey," intended as a supplement to Pastorius, the title being "Continuatio der Beschreibung der Landschafft Pensylvaniae," 1702. It is rather surprising that Gov. Pennypacker had so few of the early books of William Penn. He seems not to have owned Penn's first book on Pennsylvania, "Some Account of the Province of Pennsylvania," 1681, a copy of which was sold at the low price of $210, in the Proud sale in 1903; he does, however, have the scarce "Further Account," 1685. Nor has he apparently Penn's "Letter," 1685, except in a Dutch translation, or the "Frame of the Government of the Province of Pennsylvania," 1691, both of which occurred in the Proud sale. The most valuable Pennsylvania book in the collection is no doubt the copy of the first printed Pennsylvania Laws, printed by Andrew Bradford, in 1714, of which no copy seems to have been sold at auction in this country during the last thirty years. Another great rarity, "Some Letters and an Abstract of Letters from Pennsylvania," 1691, is believed to be one of three copies known. The collection of periodicals includes some rare series of early American magazines.

The autograph collection of the late F. Griswold Tefft, together with that of the late William L. Bryant, will be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston, on Monday, December 3. There are several letters of Washington, a short A.L.S. of Lincoln written from the Executive Mansion on June 10, 1861, to Capt. Dahlgren, about a new gun; a Bryant manuscript, the poem "The Strange Lady," three pages folio, besides several Bryant letters; letters of Hawthorne, Irving, Ruskin, Emerson, Longfellow; a number of Revolutionary documents, some of historical interest, from the papers of Major-General Edward Hand; etc. Some interesting broadsides, several relating to New Hampshire, are included in the sale.

The selection of books, broadsides, and autographs from the collection of James Terry of Hartford, to be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co., on December 6 and 7, includes some choice items, the most notable perhaps being a copy of the first edition of the Saybrook Platform, printed at New London in 1710 by Thomas Short. The autographs are largely from the correspondence of Gov. William Plumer of New Hampshire and Benjamin Trumbull, the historian. They include a number of letters of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Silas Deane, Roger Sherman, William Williams, etc. Among the books and broadsides are several relating to Dartmouth College and its progenitor, the Indian Charity School of Eleazor Wheelock. Stephen

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R. Bradley's "Vermont's Appeal to the Candid and Impartial World," 1780, a presentation copy with inscription by Ethan Allen is another choice item.

A FEW OF THE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Court Beauties of Old Whitehall. Historiettes of the Restoration. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. $3.75 net.

It is interesting to observe how differently historians approach the question of moral judgments. Lord Acton, for one, considered that the biographer should show no mercy in denouncing the offences of a sinner who died five hundred years ago. "I exhort you," he once said to a distinguished audience, "never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong." Over against Lord Acton stands H. C. Lea, who points out that owing to the fluctuation of the moral standard one must take care how he applies his own ethical principles to men of other ages and other lands. In the volume before us Mr. Trowbridge also gives an opinion on this subject. "No people," he says, "are more ridiculous than the literary policemen who nab historical offenders and prosecute them at the bar of a remote posterity, unless it be the literary whitewashers who defend the same criminals at the same bar. Such convictions and acquittals of the dead are like a burlesque of justice which lacks the sense of humor."

When we say that the foregoing passage stands before a long and minute account of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, we give the reader some means of judging Mr. Trowbridge's attitude towards the sultanas who reigned at Whitehall after the Restoration. In each of them he sees a type, from the Countess of Shrewsbury, "the Messalina" of the period, to the Duchess of Richmond, its "Prude," and the Duchess of Portsmouth, its "Spy." Leaving praise or blame altogether aside, he sketches eight women who either supplied abundant gossip for the memoir writers or affected the course of English politics. Besides those already mentioned the list includes the Duchess de Mazarin, the Countess de Gramont, the Duchess of Tyrconnel, and the Duchess of Orleans.

The Court of the Restoration has been written about so often that one is entitled to exact from each new volume some special merit of treatment or learning. A book like Forneron's "Louise de Kéroual" has ample warrant on the score both of its erudition and its relation to important public issues. At the other extreme comes the volume which is made up from scraps of Gramont, Pepys, and St. Evremond, with a large supply of photogravures thrown in to catch the purchaser's eye. Mr. Trowbridge has not delved like Forneron, but he knows the diarists well and has a better grasp of English history at large than is possessed by most writers who sport with the beauties of the Restoration. As for the material, it is not easy to write a Sunday-school book on such a subject, and Mr. Trowbridge makes no pretension to be a concealed moralist. So far as we can infer, he writes for an audience from which the young person has been eliminated, and he considers it his chief function to amuse. In three at least of his studies we think that *suppressio veri* could have been carried somewhat farther without creating an incorrect impression, but the general reader who takes up a book on the Restoration is bound to run his own risks.

It is not improbable that Mr. Trowbridge has hoped to give his volume a distinctive quality by lightness of touch. If this is the case, he has in a measure succeeded. We think, however, that he has not quite hit the strain when he writes:

> La Belle Stuart! The glamour of the Restoration is in that romantic name. At the sound of it our thoughts at once rush back to childhood, when we learnt English history out of story books and picture books; and old, half-forgotten tales of the Merry Monarch, and the gay doings of cavaliers with periwigs and swords, of maids of honor all lace and perfume, crowd upon the memory. La Belle Stuart! to the very children of the Board Schools—if Imagination be a faculty looked upon with favor at those practical seats of municipal learning—must come visions of a far-off romantic time.

This passage will do more than columns of comment to let the reader know how Mr. Trowbridge handles his subject.

Highways and Byways in Dorset. By Sir Frederick Treves. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Few counties are richer in historical associations than Dorset, few have more variety of scenery and architecture. Her fine harbors of Poole and Weymouth invited the invader from the days of the marauding Saxons and Danes to the morning in June, 1685, when the effeminate Duke of Monmouth, the Pretender, landed at Lyme Regis for that campaign which was to end in the defeat at Sedgemoor. Charles II. after the battle of Worcester made his escape through Dorset, hid in its country houses, and finally embarked for France on a coal brig from Poole. His adventures and the humors of his escape in the disguise of a groom are here told with great spirit.

Everywhere are traces of Celtic and later Roman occupation, the pit-dwellings and earthworks of men who toiled with horn picks, and yet managed to erect great camps or cities of refuge like Maiden Castle, two miles south of Dorchester. These earthworks, Thomas Hardy has used in the setting of his village tragedies to give an impression of gloom and vast spaces. Maumbury Rings, introduced with so much effect in the "Mayor of Casterbridge," Hardy labelled a Roman amphitheatre. Sir Frederick follows the common tradition adopted by Hardy, and ignores the theories of modern archæologists, who conjecture that the amphitheatre was built long before the coming of the Romans, and was a great temple of the sun. Dorset is also full of beautiful old manor houses that have been converted into farmhouses, of decaying roofs of thatch that are being replaced by hideous corrugated iron, and of churches painfully restored.

The guide to Wessex usually dwells too long and too often on the Wessex of Hardy. Sir Frederick is happily more interested in British and Roman Dorset, and in the description of her scenery, often wild and desolate without grandeur, and then again wonderfully fertile, a country of lush grass and butter-making. Everywhere he succeeds in giving the reader a vivid picture of Dorset coloring; the "jade green" of the downs, whose long rolling lines are "like terrific sea-combers about to break upon a shoal," the rich yellow of the stone buildings which suffuses the church roofs and aisles with a golden radiance instead of the cold misty gray of less fortunate counties. Sir Frederick Treves, himself a native of Dorset, writes thus of Hardy's Edgdon Heath, commonly called the Great Heath:

> The tone of the moor is a russet-brown, splashed by the bracken with green and by the heather with purple. Under the summer sun marvellous colors appear; . . . a faraway plateau may be Gobelin blue, and a near hillock bronze-brown. There may be here a bare slope of mushroom-colored sand, and there a reedy marsh of parrot green.

There are glorified guide-books, whose charm depends on their illustrations, for which the text is a mere thread. But with the present series this is never the case, and for that reason the volumes are the most attractive of their type. None that we have encountered has a style more pleasing than this description by the famous court physician. Mr. Pennell's drawings in pastel are as usual excellent, and are especially successful with the gloomier scenery.

Certain Delightful English Towns. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

There is no doubt that to see and enjoy England aright one must be an American. The country is, in the first place, peculiarly rich in small comforts that her people take for granted, not knowing their own bliss. The Frenchman or German, having his own notions of comfort, regards the English brand with a critical eye. He has his own cheap and satisfactory equivalent for neat-handed, soft-voiced servants, railway porters obsequious for twopence, and the afternoon tea that at certain hours seems to gush spontaneously all over England. Mr. Howells believes too that it will always be the American mind that "wherever it goes catches in some rhyme, some phrase, some story of fact or fable that makes the place more home to him than the house where he was born." The Englishman cannot be expected to recall Kingsley's Mary at the sight of Chester and the river Dee, because he is probably absorbed in making the history that is to thrill the New Zealand tourist centuries hence. To the literary reminiscences, quite as much as the creature comforts, Mr. Howells does full justice, and shows an intimacy with Saxon Kings and the early vicissitudes of the British which could never thrive in the English breast. Plymouth, Exeter, Bath, Bristol, Southampton, Oxford, and Chester were among the towns that he found delightful, and has enriched for the wiser sort of tourist, who should cultivate his exquisite tolerance, and resolve, when visiting those scenes, to enjoy even the hotels. Mr. Howells has a good word for nearly all of them; and they offer in general so lit-

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tle and at such high prices that one can only feel how priceless to his travelling companions must have been this gift of quietly ignoring the unpleasant or inferior.

The book is illustrated, not strikingly, but sufficiently well. What will endear its pages to every reader is its unfailing humor, its nice balancing of the emotions and æsthetic impressions by one on whom no charm whether of setting or human association was thrown away.

Herbert W. Tompkins's "In Constable's Country" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has a peculiar attraction not at all due to the text, since those who wish to read about East Anglia will find all they want related with better effect in Mr. Dutt's volume in the Highways and Byways Series. The publishers of the present volume have wisely expended their energies on the illustrations, which will charm every admirer of Constable. Here are reproduced in color sixteen of the most famous of Constable's paintings, half of these, including the "Haywain," dearest of all to most lovers of Constable, from the pictures in the National Gallery. All are, in fact, drawn from the London galleries, which have been not only fortunate in gifts from the heirs of Constable, but ready for the last twenty years to pay twice as many thousands for a Constable as he earned hundreds, though Constable was by no means without honor in his own day. Mr. Tompkins's share in the volume led him to wander through marshy Suffolk, which was Gainsborough's county as well as Constable's, and to describe the charms of its "lilied lowland waters," as they were called by Stevenson. Like Rembrandt, Constable was a miller's son, and Mr. Tompkins has collected here all the known facts of his life, first as a miller and then as a painter of a county that has much of the Teuton spirit in its scenery, so that though Constable directly influenced the French school, it is of the Dutch that one is constantly reminded in his coloring and composition. The text is, as we have said, by no means the main interest, but it is well enough as a setting to the pictures, which are excellent examples of color illustration.

John Addington Symonds's translation of the Life of Benvenuto Cellini is reissued by Brentano in two volumes that are a model of good bookmaking. The work was done by the Merrymount Press, and, barring a rather trivial title page and imperfect opacity of the paper, it is hard to see how it could be better. There are forty-one photogravure plates, representing Cellini's work or his patrons, associates, and enemies. All of Symonds's excellent introductory material is retained, and there is an index. Royal Cortissoz has contributed a preface in which he points out with sympathetic yet critical discernment the discrepancy between Cellini's personal forcefulness and artistic achievement. The essay is useful as a corrective to Symonds's, who was naturally obsessed by the sheer personality of his hero. This reprint is likely to remain for years the preferable library edition of these fascinating memoirs.

The palaces of France, in both their beauty and their historical associations, are capable of furnishing endless themes for artist and author. The latest volume of this kind is "The Châteaux of Touraine" (The Century Co.), with text by Maria Hornor Lansdale and illustrations by Jules Guérin. The pale, flat colors used by M. Guérin bring out the romance of the country admirably—of his work no commendation is necessary. It seems almost a pity that photographic reproductions, with their hard lines and glaring lights, should have been interspersed, although some of these are excellent of their kind. The story of the châteaux is filled with the echoes of old romance, cruel and sweet by turns.

John Lane presents a very welcome reprint of Alexander Gilchrist's "The Life of William Blake," in a single volume, friendly both to the hand and eye. This reduction in bulk has been effected by the omission of long extracts from Blake's works, which are now readily accessible. There are more than fifty well executed reproductions, about half of which are drawings from the collection of the editor, W. Graham Robertson, and previously unpublished. Gilchrist's book leaves something to be desired in the article of criticism, but forty-three years after its issue, it remains the standard source for the facts of Blake's life. Without it, we should be largely reduced to surmise as to his personality, as we are, for example, in the case of that other great visionary, El Greco. This reprint is admirable from the point of view of the general reader, and, by reason of its illustrations, necessary also to the special student.

The proper record of Emma Hamilton must be pictorial. It was her beauty that conquered England's greatest admiral and that inspired one of England's greatest painters, and beauty calls for more subtle delineation than that of the printer. Mr. Baily has therefore done well in bringing together in his "Emma, Lady Hamilton" (F. A. Stokes Co.), a handsome quarto volume, some twenty or more reproductions of the most famous of her portraits. These are accompanied by a text, but as this is more of a setting for the pictures than an original contribution to history, it need not detain us. On the whole, the illustrations may be highly praised, though they vary a good deal in process and in quality. The selection made is altogether excellent; it includes all the best Romneys that are really of Lady Hamilton, and among the most beautiful will be found two or three that are far from familiar. Although the book is not an authoritative life or a critical essay on her portraiture, it is quite the best pictorial record.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. comes a holiday edition of Whittier's "Snow-Bound," for which Howard Pyle, John J. Enneking, and Edmund H. Garnett have made drawings, and Adrian J. Iorio has furnished decorations. The same house publishes "The Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith," told and pictured by E. Boyd Smith, who, it will be remembered, made the pictures last year for "The Story of Noah's Ark," with their rare combination of beauty and humor. His work this year is of the same character, though without the hilarious fun.

One of the most charming of the simpler holiday books is an edition of Thackeray's "Ballads and Songs" (Putnams), with illustrations by H. M. Brock. The drawings fit in capitally with the humor and occasional touches of pathos of the poems. Less attractive, perhaps, but more elaborate, is Browning's "Last Ride Together," from the same publishers, with decorations and pictures by Frederick Simpson Coburn.

Perhaps the best of Dickens's Christmas tales is that which lies embedded in "Pickwick," including the visit to the manor farm, the story of the goblin, and the sports on the ice which tempted Mr. Winkle to skate and Mr. Pickwick to slide. This section of the book has been printed by the Baker & Taylor Company in a separate volume, as "Mr. Pickwick's Christmas," with illustrations in line and color by George Alfred Williams. Our wanderers take on a very genteel appearance in these pictures.

Among the holiday books offered this year by Scribners is an edition of Cable's "Old Creole Days," illustrated by Albert Herter.

Scribners also have "A Little Book of Bores," by Oliver Herford, who furnishes both text and pictures. The humor runs with the alphabet, beginning:

> A is the Autograph bore
> Whom Authors so loudly deplore,
> Tho' it's probable quite,
> If the Dears ceased to write,
> They'd deplore even more than before.

The peculiar sentiment of Max Müller's "Memories" seems to retain a perennial interest for English as well as for German readers. Again we have it in decorative borders and designs, the old translation, a good one, by George P. Upton, published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Most attractive of all the cheaper holiday books, perhaps, is George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" (Macmillans), fully illustrated in color and line by Hugh Thomson. His color work is new to us, but it has all the charm of his more familiar line drawings.

"A Cheerful Year Book" (Holt & Co.) is a diary for recording engagements and other matters of the kind, and it is something more. On alternate pages there are humorous drawings with bits of aphoristic wisdom by F. M. Knowles on the perplexities of life. And, as the title page says, "the whole is introduced and concluded with profound and edifying remarks by Carolyn Wells." It is altogether a piece of foolery which combines the *utile* and the *dulce*.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Amulet. By Charles Egbert Craddock. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Once again we must wish that Miss Murfree might stick to her mountaineers. Her present historical romance is a sad affair, perfectly artificial and unreal from start to finish. It may be historically sound, but this, other things being unequal, is an altogether trivial consideration. The eighteenth century English of its dialogue is certainly incorrect, a curious farrago. When the fair Arabella is in form, to be sure, and thinking of her part, she says, "Lord," and "La," and "monstrous genteel"; and the gallant military gentlemen who surround her are capable in an emergency not only of "zounds" and "gadzooks," but of "Stap me," and "Split me," phrases upon which they obviously plume themselves. The girl is silly and the men

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are wooden; and the events recorded are supposed to take place on the frontier of the Cherokee country, in the year 1763.

The Soul of an Artist. By Neera. Translated from the Italian of Neera by E. L. Murison. New York: Paul Elder & Co.

It is easy to see why for the uses of an American publisher the present title is more available than "Anima Sola," or its equivalent. Few persons willingly expose themselves to books of religious philosophy or of devotion, but plenty of us are ready to set out at a moment's notice in search of the least bit of fresh information about the mysterious "temperament." These pages are supposed to contain the confessions or confidences of an Italian actress of note. They are addressed in a series of imaginary letters to an English nobleman with whom she has once been intimate, but from whom she has now been long separated. His "monastic soul" has permitted him hardly or not at all to overstep the bounds of friendship, while she has cherished for him an ideal passion, the expression of her search for that absolutely satisfying companionship which is never to become the portion of her lonely soul. These are, in short, the records of a nature abnormally sensitive and self-conscious. But while it is commonest in such cases, as in that of Marie Bashkirtseff, that a morbid personal vanity should be the principal motive, what is chiefly expressed here is a morbid spiritual fastidiousness. This person, to be sure, is emotionally unbalanced, the slave of moods, continually subject to a physical melancholy which might be taken as the result of an unfulfilled eroticism. To say this of an English or American book would be to condemn it as intolerable on grounds of taste if not of morals. But in these matters the Latin races have a dignity to which we rarely attain. Love, which has been in its highest form denied her, is Neera's theme. Of *l'amour* she is not ignorant: its unrest, its ecstasy, its satiety; but of love the interpreter of human life she can only dream:

> When I encounter one who loves the gray mists of winter; who prefers the green depths of a thicket to the bluest of seas or the most golden of suns; cold to heat; to external life, reflection; to music, silence; to color, shadow; to action, thought; then I say this is my relative. When I encounter one who lives in his soul as a priest in his temple, serving and adoring the mystery of his office, there is my brother.

This is of course not a true autobiography, but a fiction. There is something a little humorous in the earnestness with which the writer of the "Foreword" advises us that Neera is really one Anna Zuccari of Milan, "wife of Signor Radius," and a well-known novelist; and that though she writes much of "the overpowering passion, love, she is very domestic, the angel of her home—not at all the portrait of any one of the heroines of her books." There is a further hint that the great Duse may have served as model for the writer of these confessions. This is a matter of slight consequence in judging of a book which expresses not a personality, but a temperamental type.

Trusia. By Davis Brinton. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

The Zenda microbe multiplies, and it seems that with each new culture the creature creeps closer to the every-day, so that whereas the original heroes were on more or less lofty British altitudes they later became jaunty Americans, while the heroines grew less and less unapproachably exalted. We do not say that in "Trusia" the limit has been reached. The future it is given to none to know. But it may safely be said that thus far this type of romance has heard no clearer call of the tame. Not that the adventures fall below the orthodox standard in variety or vehemence. It is rather that the domain of lost causes, lost kings, and idolized, imperilled heiresses-apparent seems newly invaded when the saviors are a New York club man and his cockney valet. The proceedings are by turns stirring, comic, and bathetic. If there were less real gore and real killing it would read like unstaged extravaganza. Even as it is it seems widowed without light music.

Yet the plots and mysteries are not unoriginal. As the story bounds from one melodramatic situation to another, so the manner of its telling springs from height to height of flowery language, then plunges into sudden depths of contemporary slang. We have questing eyes and initiate perceptions, portraits gazing from their coigns, the soft indulgence of Diana (meaning moonlight), hair as light as the sheen of a spider's craft, a mouth as sweet and kind as the animate soul of a rose. Then in mitigation of all this dazzle the hero may be heard saying, "Forgive me, sweetheart, but love will not be denied. Let the king have Krovitch, but you come with me." Yet when all is said the traditional proof of the pudding is not wholly lacking—to this sillibub. The eating of it is painless and entertaining.

Under Pontius Pilate. By William Schuyler. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Mr. Schuyler's version of the New Testament story is a series of imaginary letters supposed to be addressed to a Stoic friend at Athens by a Roman military officer quartered in Judæa, one Caius Claudius Proculus, the nephew of Pilate's wife. All the well-known figures of the drama are introduced. The writer is intimate with Herod, Herodias, and Salome, and is present at the dance which earned the head of John the Baptist. At every turn of the narrative, which is naturally crowded with direct quotations from the New Testament, the reader asks himself what is the gain over the immortal outlines of the original. Apparently to supply details for the unimaginative is the motive of the whole.

Mr. Schuyler makes Mary Magdalene the heroine and Caius Proculus her lover, who, after her conversion, is drawn by her example into the Christian faith. In order to bring together the chief personages he assumes that she is identical with that other Mary who chose the better part in the house of Lazarus. In the Bible there is certainly no such identification. It is all done reverently enough, and can be read; but there is an effort at modernization in the attitude of the characters, and in the style there is more than one lapse of taste. It was, we think, a mistake to imply in the preface that the letters exist in a Latin authentic original, though, of course, only the most unwary could be taken in.

Rosemary in Search of a Father. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: S. S. McClure & Co.

When this has been described as a "pretty" tale of the whipped cream and bonbon box type, there is not much more to say about it. A rich, disconsolate young man mourning his lost lady love is seized upon by an adventuress at Monte Carlo. She plays upon his respectful sympathy with a pathetic romance of hunger and a wicked, gambling mother. He (in all honor) engages her services as secretary at forty dollars a week, and hands her out ten thousand francs to begin with. As he is unimpeachably faithful to the lost lady—in addition to being the most high-toned young man alive—Hugh is also the most innocent youth who has ever made money in a gold mine and come to Europe to heal a broken heart. After his rescue by a petticoated little Lord Fauntleroy, the story proceeds smoothly to its happy end, by all the sign-posted highroads known to sentimental fiction.

The Doctor. By Ralph Connor. New York: Fleming H. Revell & Co.

"The Doctor" is a conventional novel about young people (apparently for young people), reeled off with the fluency of a practised story teller. Its best point is a description of a diphtheria epidemic in a Canadian construction camp; its least effective, the Southern beauty who had "a reserve of proud command due to the strain of a regnant, haughty, slave-ruling race." Amateurs of every kind of dialect will find their account between the covers of this book—habitant talk, Irish brogue (of the Irish comedy variety), and whole pages of which the following is a fair example: "But 'e hain't got no toes to give 'im the feelin' of 'is toes in 'is mind or hennywheres else." "'Dummed old fool,' sez the doctor." Presumably there exist somewhere readers who find this amusing, since the first edition has run high into the tens of thousands even before the date of publication, but it is hard to see why the average adult should not find the story at once commonplace and passably long-winded.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. By Elizabeth Bisland. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6 net.

About one-third of the first of these two generous volumes is taken up with the Life by Mrs. Bisland, who was an intimate friend of Hearn's from his early manhood until his death; the Letters follow, printed so far as possible chronologically (he eschewed dates), and without comment. Such a division is somewhat unusual, but, in the present case, judicious. Of the biographical chapters, it is possible to speak with praise, while admitting considerable reservations. Despite an occasional infelicity of taste and even of grammar, they give an eloquent account of the struggles through which Hearn passed, and depict in warm colors the romantic side of his character. What we miss is any adequate critical examination of his literary method or any study of the strange exotic elements that entered into his philosophy. Hearn's place in our literature by reason both of

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the manner and the contents of his writings, is so unique that the absence of such critical discussion in his official biography lays the work open to the charge of amateurishness. Altogether, the most valuable sections here, if not in the whole book, are the half-dozen autobiographic papers now for the first time printed—little sketches of particular moments in his career which make us regret that death or uncertainty of purpose kept him from writing the whole inner story of his life; it would have been a work of extraordinary interest, without parallel in the language.

If ever of any one, it could be said of Hearn that the child was father of the man. The very elements of his nativity—his birth from the love-match of an Irish army officer and a Greek woman on the island of Lefcada (from which, by an unexplained alteration of the first vowel, he received his name); his early translation to Ireland and abandonment by his parents—may help to account for the exotic strain in his character and for the unappeased nostalgia that drove him, through life, a restless wanderer from land to land. All this was pretty well known before, but we owe to the present biography a knowledge of the morbid, tormented years between his first childhood and his emigration to America. He was, it appears, adopted by a wealthy grand-aunt, a Mrs. Brenane, and taken to Wales, where he was surrounded by the heated religious atmosphere of a home newly converted to Catholicism. The most striking of the autobiographic fragments goes back to his sixth year, when, as he says, he knew a good deal about ghosts, and very little about gods. He had been taught to pronounce the invocation, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," but had no understanding of what the words meant. He continues:

> One of the appellations, however, seriously interested me; and the first religious question that I remember asking was a question about the *Holy Ghost*. It was the word "Ghost," of course, that had excited my curiosity; and I put the question with fear and trembling because it appeared to relate to a forbidden subject. The answer I cannot recollect; but it gave me an idea that the Holy Ghost was a *white* ghost, and not in the habit of making faces at small people after dusk. Nevertheless, the name filled me with vague suspicion, especially after I had learned to spell it correctly, in a prayer-book; and I discovered a mystery and an awfulness unspeakable in the capital G. Even now the aspect of that formidable letter will sometimes revive those dim and fearsome imaginings of childhood.

But he was not long to remain in this groping ignorance. One of the few visitors to the house was a certain "Cousin Jane," who passed the winters with them—a tall girl, as he describes her, a convert, who looked like some of the long angels in his French pictures, and who gave him "the idea of Sorrow as a dim something that she personally represented." One day she caught the child up into her lap, and, with her piercing black eyes fixed upon his, began to catechise him:

> "My child!—is it possible that you do not know who God is?"
>
> "No," I answered in a choking whisper.
>
> "God!—God who made you!—God who made the sun and the moon and the sky,—and the trees and the beautiful flowers,—everything! . . . You do not know?"
>
> I was too much alarmed by her manner to reply.
>
> "You do not know," she went on, "that God made you and me?—that God made your father and your mother? and everybody? . . . You do not know about Heaven and Hell?"
>
> I do not remember all the rest of her words; I can recall with distinctness only the following:
>
> "and send you down to Hell to burn alive in fire for ever and ever! . . . Think of it!—always burning, burning, burning!—screaming and burning! screaming and *burning!—never to be saved from that pain* of fire! . . . You remember when you burned your finger at the lamp?—Think of your whole body burning,—always, always, always burning!—for ever and ever!"
>
> I can still see her face as in the instant of that utterance,—the horror upon it, and the pain. . . . Then she suddenly burst into tears, and kissed me, and left the room.

Just how much the man's imagination has played over this memory of childhood, *it would not be easy to say*; but on the whole one gets the impression of a boy strangely sensitive to the dim shadows of life and involved from birth in a network of dreams from which he could never free himself. And from this imaginative terror of religion he passed to the more tangible distresses of poverty. For two years, indeed, he had the protection of a Jesuit college in the north of France. It was here that he acquired his intimate knowledge of French. Here he lost one of his eyes while playing the game of "The Giant's Stride," a disfigurement of which he was always extremely sensitive; and here he became possessed with the ineradicable notion that some mysterious Jesuitical plot was formed against him. After this he disappears for a while into obscurity. "When I was a boy of sixteen," he wrote in Japan to one of his pupils, "although my blood relations were—some of them—very rich, no one would pay anything to help me finish my education. I had to become what you never have had to become—a servant. I partly lost my sight. I had two years of sickness in bed. I had no one to help me. And I had to educate myself in spite of all difficulties." Then came a brief season of starving in London, of hiding in a workhouse in an evil quarter by the Thames, and some time in the year 1869, at the age of nineteen, without money or friends, and with broken health, he found himself in the streets of New York. How he now contrived to live does not appear. He left the city by an emigrant train for Cincinnati, carrying with him through life an implacable hatred and horror of New York as "something cyclopean without solemnity, something pandemoniac without grotesqueness—preadamite bridges—superimpositions of iron roads higher than the aqueducts of the Romans—gloom, vapor, roarings and lightnings." In Cincinnati he got into newspaper work, toiling fourteen hours a day at "that intensely vulgar and commonplace thing, called American journalism." Here he became acquainted with H. E. Krehbiel, to whom the most interesting of his letters were addressed. But the lure of the South was in his blood, and he soon went to New Orleans.

At this point his correspondence begins, and for the rest of his life we can track him through his own letters in his wanderings in the West Indies, his brief return to New York, and his various homes in Japan. It was well known that he married a Japanese woman, and for the sake of his children became a subject of the Mikado. It is now plain that in his later years he began to weary of Japan as he had wearied of everything else. His was the extremely romantic temperament that craves ever-changing sensations, and is never content. In the end the gray monotony of Japanese life, the lack of deep emotions, the obliteration of personality, began to wear on him; and at the same time he saw all *that had first attracted him* in the country pushed to the wall by the exigencies of the new civilization. There is something painful in the utter disillusion of his last letters. They are filled with one cry—the cry for money that he may provide for his family. His position as Government teacher was insecure, and the royalties on all his books were amounting to only $88 a year; death, swift and sudden, came to him as a release.

Unquestionably these letters of Hearn's are among the most interesting that have appeared for a number of years—probably the most valuable since the publication of FitzGerald's. It is unnecessary to say that Hearn had at his command a style of extraordinary vividness and flexibility. Everything lives under his magic touch—his creole home in New Orleans, the waifs of society that cross his path, the drowsy splendor of tropic islands, the enormous madness of great cities, the exquisite delicacy of Japan. Most of all we have been interested in the intimate revelation of the artist preparing himself for his chosen work. He had the conscience of the French *littérateur*, of a Flaubert, one of the rarest of Anglo-Saxon gifts. In the *débâcle* of religious convictions he turned to art as to a new and relentless faith. "Yet the hardest of all sacrifices for the artist," he writes, "is this sacrifice to art—this trampling of self under foot!" And to the extent of crushing out worldly ambitions, he made the sacrifice. His aim was perfectly clear. He wished "to create something different from the stone-gray and somewhat chilly style of latter-day English or American romance"; he sought "the English realization of a Latin style, modelled upon foreign masters, and rendered even more forcible by that element of *strength* which is the characteristic of Northern tongues." To this end he toiled endlessly over the language of his essays and tales, writing and rewriting with infinite patience. He had "the rare yet terribly necessary gift of waiting." And with his style he deliberately fostered all the romantic elements of his own character. There are unpleasant stories abroad about the devious ways into which his search for unusual emotions led him—stories to which Mrs. Bisland does not allude, but for the most part his cultivation of the romantic *Ich* was innocent, if odd. His reading was in out-of-the-way fields; at one time in New Orleans he owned a library of some 500 books, valued at $2,000, and every volume "queer." His unappeased longing for the tropics was due in part to delicate health, in part to his passion for luxurious sensations.

As sometimes goes with the impressionistic temperament he had also a curious interest in science, and made of Herbert Spencer the Bible of his faith. It was this union of impressionism and devotion to Spencerian evolution that rendered him the

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ideal interpreter of Japan. To the spirit of India he would have been utterly blind, for the Buddhism of that land was the farthest possible removed from impressionism or romanticism of any form; the austere self-abnegation of the ancient Pâli books would have remained forever foreign to him. But to the Buddhism of Japan, with its mixture of Shinto ancestor worship and its flutterings of quaint æstheticism, he came with the fullest preparation. His Spencerianism easily fused with one aspect of Buddhist philosophy; his romanticism was ready to seize on all the ghostly suggestions of a past forever haunting the present, and coming to the surface in unexpected ways. The result is a series of books perfectly unique in our language. They are not in the great, free tradition of English literature, but they will probably increase in fame for many years to come. The disappearance of the ancient Japan on which they are based will give them the rare preciousness of something that cannot be repeated or imitated. Into the laboratory of the brain that created these pieces of jewelled impressionism, the letters introduce us. Almost, but not quite, we can see the soul of the man.

Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee. By J. William Jones. New York: The Neale Publishing Co. $2.

The atmosphere of Washington and Lee University is difficult to resist. The veneration that surrounded Lee when he undertook its presidency after the war, kindliness, devotion, loyalty, all the higher emotions that ennoble life—with such things this book is saturated. It cannot but stir the best feelings of every good man, and yet it must be stated that the author is extremely disappointing. His title is imposing, his fulfilment is scant. He does not in the least accomplish the purpose announced in his preface of giving his subject fresh treatment.

Dr. Jones was a Confederate chaplain during the war, and has since been connected with Washington and Lee University. There he had many opportunities of seeing Lee, and after his death had access to his papers. Further, Dr. Jones has had considerable experience of editorial work. He was therefore well qualified to present to the public a biography of Lee founded on unused documents and information, or a volume of personal reminiscences, or, again, a collection of documents hitherto unpublished. Unfortunately, he fails all along the line. He has a few unpublished letters to set out, but these are all of slight importance; they are buried under a mass of other letters reprinted from previous books on the subject, and there is no system to indicate to the reader which letters are hitherto unpublished and which not. Of personal reminiscences we get only a very few pages, mostly at the end of the book; such value as they may have is overshadowed by the fact that they are inbedded in a long narrative of the war that is neither fresh nor specially distinguished for accuracy. Among the unpublished papers perhaps the most interesting are some scraps found in Lee's army satchel, untouched since Appomattox. From these one quotation may be made:

> Private and public life are subject to the same rules; and truth and manliness are two qualities that will carry you through this world much better than *policy*, or *tact*, or *expediency*, or any other word that was ever devised to conceal or mystify a deviation from a straight line.

In conclusion this volume suggests that the time is now getting near when Lee's correspondence should be given to the world complete and edited with the same scientific care as that of Washington.

Jefferson, Cabell, and the University of Virginia. By John S. Patton. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company. $2.

This volume of nearly four hundred pages contains, first, an account of the founding of the University of Virginia, based on the correspondence of Thomas Jefferson and Joseph C. Cabell, Jefferson's able coadjutor in securing the necessary legislation. The legislation prior to the chartering of the university in 1819—such as Mr. Mercer's bill of 1817—is entirely overlooked. This legislation, and a full account of the Jefferson and Cabell correspondence, has been treated in the History of the University of Virginia and its Alumni, published by the Lewis Publishing Company (New York, 1904). Next is given an account of the early days of the university, and especially of the misbehavior of the students, until the final evolution of the "honor system." Then follows a description of the Jeffersonian buildings, an account of the early faculty, notices of the literary societies, and other student organizations, of their various publications, and of the great fire of 1895. We have also the story of the restoration of the buildings, the late development of athletics and of student societies, and a brief account of the "schools"—as the separate and independent chairs of this university are called—with the recent establishment of the presidency of the university. Chronological order is not strictly followed, but the reader may get a good idea of the organization and development of the university.

Other chapters are devoted to the alumni who were in the Confederate army and the civil service, and to lists of students who attained honors and won prizes. In chapter xxv. the list of orators before the Society of the Alumni, from 1838 to 1861, is very defective. One misses the names of the Hon. Muscoe R. H. Garnett, orator in 1849, and the Hon. John Randolph Tucker, orator in 1850.

In addition to a number of errors of proof, which may easily be corrected, we find others more serious, among them the following: p. 12, Edmund Randolph for Edmund Pendleton; p. 33, Budwell for Burwell; p. 49, Dale for Dade. Professor Bledsoe is referred to as Alfred on p. 214 and in note to p. 335, but correctly as Albert on p. 335. Notwithstanding these oversights, the volume contains much information that an alumnus may be glad to have in convenient compass.

Der Erste Petrusbrief: seine Entstehung und Stellung in der Geschichte des Urchristentums. Von Dr. Daniel Völter. Strassburg: J. H. Ed. Heitz.

The first epistle of Peter is not one of the greatest of the New Testament writings, but it has a beauty and attractiveness peculiar to itself in its kindly sympathy, its intimacy of appeal, and its pervading atmosphere of buoyant hope. Many a downcast spirit has turned to it and found refreshment when the loftier writings of St. Paul and the Evangelists seemed to be beyond reach. Critical objections of no little seriousness have been raised against the Petrine authorship, and the date of the writing has been fixed in various years of the last two decades of the first century, and by Baur as late as 115 A. D. Harnack, to whom the objections to the authenticity are insuperable, yet who cannot believe the letter as a whole to be a falsification, has suggested that the opening and closing paragraphs are interpolations, thus saving the author from the charge of pseudonymity. In this he is followed by McGiffert. But now appears a monograph by Dr. Daniel Völter, professor of theology at Amsterdam, which finds far more serious interpolations, involving, in fact, all the distinctively Christian portions of the epistle. The theory of the Dutch scholar amounts really to a division of the letter into two distinct compositions, an original portion, which was written in Rome in the years following the Neronian persecution, and sections added by the redactor for the purpose of strengthening Christians of Asia Minor during a persecution which occurred about 115 A. D. The Christianity of the original letter is declared to be little more than a denationalized Judaism, founded almost exclusively upon the Old Testament, and not strictly a new religion grounded upon original doctrines and sacraments. To the later author, all allusions to doctrines positively Christian are attributed.

There is, of course, no textual authority for such a division, and the internal proof which Professor Völter advances appears weak and inconclusive. As a specimen of the evidence for interpolation may be cited the clause in 1:3, "begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus," whereas, in 1:23, the text reads, "having been begotten again . . . through the word of God." The critic thinks it impossible that both the "word of God" and the "resurrection of Jesus" should be made the media of the new birth, and he therefore strikes out the first passage with its allusion to Christ as not authentic. This amounts to saying that the Biblical writers were granted inspired protection from a change of metaphor—which is a serious draft on faith. Indeed, it is the discovery of a mixed metaphor in 2:5ff., the passage on the "living stones," upon which Dr. Völter lays greatest weight in proving the presence of large interpolations. But, we may ask, when was it demonstrated that the writer of a simple letter like I. Peter could not become involved in his figures? The theory proposed is ingenious, but the reasons advanced have no cogency whatever. In adducing parallels, however, between I. Peter and other writings, such as Romans, Ephesians, James, and I. Clement, Dr. Völter has done some careful work, and his brochure is valuable for this material, whatever one may think of his principal thesis.

The brilliant success of the analysts of the Hexateuch and of certain of the pro-

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are also included, quite properly. The appendix contains a bibliography of American opera, and to the regular index the author has added an index of the principal vocal numbers in the various operas he describes and analyzes—a feature which will commend itself to many. Heretofore the excellent Champlin and Apthorp "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians" (Scribners) has been the only reference book in which one could find out where a certain aria or title of which one happened to remember the name, but not the source, might be found. In the next edition of his admirable handbook Mr. Upton should refer to the arias in Gounod's, Meyerbeer's and Bizet's operas by their French instead of their Italian names; they are now always sung here in the original language or in English.

Of all the great composers none seems so un-Gallic as Bach, yet there is quite a Bach cult in France. Berlioz professed to see nothing in Bach's music that was worth while; but Saint-Saëns tested him and found that this indifference was based on ignorance; he had not studied the scores he condemned, and was greatly pleased with what Saint-Saëns played for him. That was a good many years ago, but Saint-Saëns is still doing missionary work for Bach. On Tuesday afternoon he gave a recital in Carnegie Hall at which, for the first time here, he was heard as an interpreter of other music than his own. He began with the Italian concerto and a prelude and fugue by the great cantor, playing them in a delightfully lucid, archaic style. After adding two Rameau pieces, the pianist played Beethoven's A flat major sonata; he made the variations of the first movement remarkably interesting, and played the funeral march with deep feeling. Like his friend Liszt, Saint-Saëns was not afraid to put a symphonic movement on his programme—the andante from Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, charmingly translated into the pianistic idiom. But what gave most pleasure to the audience was his playing of Chopin's "Barcarolle" and of adroitly made arrangements of excerpts from his two operas "Samson et Dalila" and "Henry VIII." M. Saint-Saëns has announced that his present tour will close his career as a pianist.

The Vienna Male Chorus will visit the United States in April, 1907. The itinerary at present is projected to include New York, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and Indianapolis. The proceeds of the concerts will be given to local Austro-Hungarian and other charities. Two hundred singers will make up the chorus, which pays its own expenses.

Art.

Histoire de l'Art depuis les Premiers Temps Chrétiens jusqu'à Nos Jours. Edited by André Michel. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. Tom. I. (Vols. I. and II.): Des Débuts de l'Art Chrétien à la fin de la période romane. About five hundred illustrations. 15 fr. a volume.

The essentially social nature of French scholarship appears to advantage in this composite history of Christian art. Ten collaborators have worked on this first of eight volumes, yet there is no sense of disparity of point of view or of disquieting difference of style. Much of the credit for so remarkable a degree of coördination is due to the general editor; more to the sound tradition of higher education in France. The work is worthy of the race that produced the "Grande Encyclopédie" and the "Histoire Littéraire." No other nation seems to have the art of collective scholarship. Compared with the work before us, the various German *Grundrisse*, etc., are lacking in sense of proportion, and such admirable British enterprises as the "Cambridge Modern History" in consistency and attractiveness of style.

It is a work of specialists for the lettered public, by no means a manual for first studies. Latin quotations are not translated, illustration is reduced in number and scale to the minimum. The book can be used profitably only by those who carry in their heads the memory of the important monuments, or better, read beside a photograph cabinet. It is, in short, a book for those who are in some sense scholars, and for such will be peculiarly valuable, as a comprehensive appreciation of recent discussion and traditional theories. The motto of the writers has been "prove all things."

Early Christian art has been treated by André Perate in a delightful essay, instinct with sympathy and good sense. Roman architecture before the Romanesque period has been entrusted to Camille Enlart, who also writes at length on Romanesque architecture. A chapter of extraordinary interest is that on Byzantine Art, by Gabriel Millet. His chief merit is to have defined that Oriental element in Byzantinism which usually has been vaguely asserted. The very obscure topic of Merovingian and Carolingian art—the examples of which are practically confined to illuminated manuscripts—has fallen to Paul Leprieur. Italian painting throughout the period has been allotted to Émile Bertaux, in two essays. He has also treated the Romanesque sculpture of Italy. Sculpture of that period in France has been selected by the general editor, André Michel. Émile Male has set forth the beginnings of mural painting and of glass painting in France. Northern miniature painting is assigned to Arthur Haseleff. The late Émile Molinier has contributed articles on barbaric goldsmithy (enamel work), and also on the minor arts—ivories, bronzes, jewelry, enamels—for the entire pre-Gothic period. Brief intercalated chapters by J.-J. Marquet de Vasselot on Oriental influences in European art yield in interest to none of the more extensive contributions, but bear a little the look of special pleading. One is hardly ready to concede that a convergence of Sassenid, Tartaric, Gothic, and Coptic influences with just a dash of Hellenic and Roman reminiscence really explains the complex we call the Romanesque.

This dry enumeration of contents and contributors is really necessary to show the thorough and comprehensive nature of this work. It is, within our knowledge, the only general history of Christian art that treats architecture adequately and from the architect's point of view. The writers are consistently alert in noting the real bonds between the arbitrary classifications of the arts—the give and take, for example, between ivory carving, stone sculpture, mural painting, and illumination is illustrated in a hundred instances. Thus the book becomes a warning against narrow specialization and a lesson in humility. It shows that nothing is surer than that the art historian of a single specialty is a poor historian. To imagine that one knows, say, monumental painting, without some study of such humble matters as ivories and manuscripts, is to be grossly self-deceived. The superiority of much of this work over similar writing in German and English lies in the fact that these French scholars have not been ashamed to practise a wise discursiveness.

We must waive the impossible task of reviewing critically a volume that concentrates the scholarship of ten experts upon the art of twelve centuries. We may, however, add to our special commendation of the chapters of MM. Perate and Millet a reference to the editorial summing up by M. Michel. He takes middle ground on the Rome-Byzantine controversy, holding that Byzantinism was a preceptorial influence never cordially adopted in the Occident, which most fully realized itself as it Romanized. Against the Orientalizing tendency of most of his contributors M. Michel also takes exception, not being convinced, for example, of the Asiatic origin of barbaric enamel ware. With this brief characterization, and a mere hint at its richness in suggestion, we must leave a work that every serious student of Christian art must read alike for critical orientation and simple delight.

Thirty-three pictures by William M. Chase are on exhibition at the New York School of Art, until December 3. It is a larger collection of Mr. Chase's work than has been put on public view for some time, and including as it does examples of his work through the last twenty years in portraiture, landscape, and still life, it represents excellently the variety of the artist's achievement, and the development of his art. Earliest of all the works is the large "Study in Still Life," which dates back to student days in Munich. From the point of view of anecdote, the most interesting picture is the portrait of Whistler, which Mr. Chase painted in 1885, at the time that Whistler painted the portrait of him. It was this portrait which Whistler, after having first approved, called an "outrageous lampoon." Throughout the portraits, mingling with the manner which is distinctively the artist's own, is apparent the influence of Whistler and Alfred Stevens. The influence of Whistler shows in the Japanese decorative motives, as in "The Open Japanese Book"; in the harmonious arrangements of low-keyed monotones, as in the "Mrs. C—— and Baby"; and in the attitudes of some of the figures. The influence of Stevens, appearing a little later, shows in such pictures as the "Portrait of Miss E——" and "The Music Lesson." The portrait of the late L. F. Roos is exceptional for forcible expression of character. Few of the portraits, indeed, at any period, might be called psychological, but the earlier work caught almost invariably with a distinguished manner the flowering charm of a personality. One gets the impression often that

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the artist has felt no vital interest in his subject—that, in his later portraits, especially, he has nothing to say commensurate with his means for saying it. This may account in part for the fact that much of his best later work is in still life, and interiors, of which "The Study in Still Life," No. 1, and "The Green Shade" are excellent examples. In such work as this, where the artist can deal with technical difficulties for their own sake, untrammelled with the problems of portraiture, there is astonishing freshness and finish.

Albert L. Groll is exhibiting at the Schaus galleries, in this city, a number of paintings of Arizona, Mexico, and California. These canvases repeat the scenes and the manner with which he has already made us familiar. Mr. Groll's work shows individuality in its color scheme, which is derived from the yellows and blues of the Arizona deserts and skies, and in the spacious dignity of the composition. A fine and characteristic example of these qualities is "The Land of the Hopi Indian," which shows a depth of yellow plain bounded in the distance by blue mountains and dominated by a vast blue expanse of sky. But many of the canvases show the need of greater harmony of color and refinement of handling.

An interesting exhibition of eighteenth century French art is now open at Ehrich's galleries, in this city. Of the twenty-three canvases, two of the most important fall outside the limits of the eighteenth century—the "Baptism of Jesus," by Nicholas Poussin, and the "Portrait of a Man," by Jean A. D. Ingres. Both are fine examples.

The Boston Miniature Painters have invited the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, now exhibiting in the Academy in Philadelphia, to exhibit the collection in Boston. The exhibition will be given the first two weeks in December.

Evidence of the increasing importance attached to modern painting, in Great Britain, is furnished by the formation of the Scottish Modern Arts Association. In a preliminary prospectus, signed by Lord Balcarres, Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Edward Tennant, and other public men, in addition to Sir James Guthrie, and the leading painters of Scotland, it is set forth that "there is not a gallery in Scotland to which the student of art . . . can be referred as containing a permanent collection of work adequately representative of modern Scottish art." The aim of this new body, therefore, will be first to secure year by year worthy works by Scottish artists; and second, as funds permit, to acquire contemporary works, other than Scottish, of outstanding interest.

The fading and peeling frescoes by Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and others on the walls of the Library of the Oxford Union have been photographed, and the photographs have been published by the Clarendon Press.

The library of the late Gen. Louis Palma di Cesnola, for more than twenty years director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will be sold on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, December 3, 4, and 5, by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city. Books on art in its broadest sense predominate, including architecture, ceramics, artists and their work, Japan and Japanese art, catalogues of collections of pictures and books, etc. Among the special works are: Ferratio's "Costume Antico e Moderno," 1829-1834, twenty volumes, folio; the "Florence Gallery," 1789-1807, four volumes, one of the special copies on "papier-velin superfine."

Science.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

BOSTON, November 23.

The autumn meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, held in Boston, November 20, 21, 22, in the new buildings of the Harvard Medical School, was notable in several respects. The presence of thiry-eight out of the one hundred members made an attendance decidedly larger than the average in out-of-Washington meetings, even larger than most of the meetings in Washington, where the business session for the election of new members ordinarily attracts a good attendance. The number of papers was exceptionally large, owing to the addition of eighteen by invited speakers to the twenty-six by members. An exhibit of apparatus and specimens by nearly fifty members and invited associates was held the first afternoon, filling two big laboratories and the adjoining hall; and this, as well as the scientific and public sessions, was attended by an unusual number of interested visitors. The chief reason for all this increase in activity appears to have been the appointment at the last Washington meeting of a committee, with Prof. H. F. Osborn of Columbia as chairman, to prepare a new plan for the autumn meeting; the local committee had only to carry out the plan.

Among the exhibits by guests of the Academy were hybrids of wild and tame guinea pigs, by W. E. Castle, of Harvard, illustrating his experiments in the process of fixing characters in animal breeding; photographs of rill work by T. A. Jaggar, jr., of the Institute of Technology, showing the results of experiments on erosion; zoetrope figures, showing the movement of the stomach and intestines, drawn by W. B. Cannon of the Medical School, from X-ray studies; a new geological map of North America, by Bailey Willis of the United States Geological Survey; a new geological map of Massachusetts, by B. K. Emerson of Amherst; the earliest stages of sexuality in plants, by A. F. Blakeslee of Harvard; examples of ultra-violet photomicrography, by H. C. Ernst of the Medical School. Exhibits by members included recent work of the Harvard College Observatory, by its director, E. C. Pickering; a platinum-lined bomb for experiments at high temperatures and pressures, by A. A. Noyes of the Institute of Technology; restorations of extinct horses, by H. F. Osborn of Columbia; instruments for quantitative research in acoustics, by A. G. Webster of Clark University; plates of fossils from Patagonia, by W. B. Scott of Princeton; a machine for cutting wax-plates, used in constructing models, by E. L. Mark of Harvard; charts of atmospheric nucleation, by C. Barus of Brown; pendulum apparatus for determining the force of gravity, by G. C. Comstock of Wisconsin; physical apparatus, by T. W. Richards of Harvard. This list should be more than doubled, to give full indication of the richness and novelty of the exhibit.

The papers presented by guests and members in the scientific sessions of the Academy included the following: "Experiments in Aerodromics," by A. G. Bell of Washington; "Acoustic Measurements," by A. G. Webster of Clark University; "Continental Sedimentation," by J. Barrell of Yale; "Evidence of Desiccation in Chinese Turkestan," by Ellsworth Huntington of Harvard; "Planetary Inversion, by W. H. Pickering of Harvard College Observatory; "Extent and Structure of the Stellar Universe," by G. C. Comstock of Wisconsin; "Section of American Tertiaries," by H. F. Osborn of Columbia; "Nature and Cause of Old Age," by C. S. Minot of the Medical School; "Ores of the Cobalt-Silver District of Ontario," by C. S. Van Hise of Wisconsin; "Sun Spot Spectra," by G. S. Hale of the Carnegie Solar Observatory; "Reactions of Amphiurus to Light," by G. H. Parker of Harvard; "Light of Extremely Short Wave Length," by T. Lyman of Harvard. The list of papers was so extended that many were read only by title, and even then there was insufficient time for discussion. The lunches, receptions, and dinners given during the meeting added much to the pleasure of a memorable occasion.

DENATURED ALCOHOL.

The newspapers have printed a great deal about the uses of denatured alcohol for light, and also for fuel, especially in automobiles and other engines. Much has also been said about the possibilities of cheap manufacture from all sorts of farm products, and even from waste, under the law which removes the internal revenue tax after January 1. The alcohol with which we are familiar is one of many. In fact, there is a class of compounds called alcohols, only two of which are commonly known—*ethyl* alcohol (C_2H_5OH), that referred to in ordinary parlance; and *methyl*, or wood alcohol (CH_3OH) which is a poison, with injurious fumes. This fact is illustrated in the dissolving of shellac. At present, on account of the high price of alcohol, wood alcohol is substituted, and its fumes are said to produce ill-effects in the workmen. Ethyl alcohol is the product of yeast cells living at the expense of a special form of sugar—a form which may be produced from different sources. It may be made by a process called "inverting" cane-sugar; by "hydrolizing"—chemically adding water to starch; by malting grain; or it may grow naturally in fruit juices and saps. Yeast action on sugar from any of these sources produces alcohol and also about six per cent. of other ingredients. The alcohol, whatever the source of sugar, is of the same composition, but the six per cent. of other material gives individuality to the product, according to the origin of the sugar. Thus, rum is the product of yeast action on molasses, while whiskey is obtained from barley or corn. In addition to the above method of making alcohol, there is a possibility of obtaining it from such unpromising substances as coke and other forms of carbon. This process, however,

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yet to be worked out industrially by the chemist, would require—under conditions yet to be discovered—something like the production of calcium carbide (CaC_2) from coke; then a conversion to acetylene (C_2H_2); then to ethylene (C_2H_4); and then by a double reaction to ethyl alcohol.

Denatured alcohol, on the other hand, is pure ethyl alcohol, adulterated in accordance with the law. When so adulterated, it is branded "denatured" and is tax free. For many purposes, a disagreeable or poisonous substance added to pure alcohol does no harm and at the same time renders the alcohol unfit for drinking or medicine. For instance, there is camphor in celluloid; therefore alcohol denatured with camphor would not be objectionable in the manufacture of celluloid. The Government has selected certain adulterants and has the alcohol denatured in bond under the supervision of its own agents. Denatured alcohol, unless otherwise specified, must by law contain for every one hundred parts of alcohol ten parts of wood, or methyl, alcohol and one-half of one part of benzine. Since these ingredients are not suited to all industrial purposes, the Government when requested will use other substances such as shellac, resins, acetic acid, pyridin, acetone, methyl acetate, aniline dyes, naphthalene, castor oil, carbon bisulphide, and carbolic acid.

The whole subject was considered at the regular meeting of the New York Section of the Society of Chemical Industry last Friday night. Professor C. E. Lucke of Columbia, presented figures obtained from a series of tests which illustrate the comparative efficiency of gasolene and alcohol in internal combustion engines. He concludes that alcohol, although more efficient for motive power, will not compete strongly with gasolene so long as gasolene is as plentiful as it is now. The exception would hold only in regions where there is little gasolene and the conditions for making alcohol are most favorable.

Rambles on the Riviera. By Edouard Strasburger. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The Mediterranean coast of France and of western Italy owes much of its attractiveness to the beauty and variety of its plants. The sunny skies and the fertile soil of that country known as the Riviera, produce vegetation in full splendor. A well-informed botanist would, therefore, be an admirable guide through the region; and just such a person is the author of this book. Professor Strasburger is one of the leading plant-morphologists of Germany, whose contributions to the science have opened new fields of thought. He is a lover of nature, to whom all living things are replete with interest. Moreover, he is uncommonly well read in all such matters as the uses of plants, the myths in regard to them, and the vanishing folk-lore. He lets nothing escape his observation, and yet he does not tire his readers by wearisome display of his multifarious and exact knowledge. As a writer, he is a true impressionist, making sometimes a single line or a touch of color tell a long story. He has imparted to his volume something of the charm which has rendered one of his laboratory manuals so popular, a charm largely due to an offhand, chatty style, which is at the same time direct. This record, then, is an attractive as well as sound guide-book. The illustrations are well selected, and finely executed in color. Every reader will carry away a considerable amount of trustworthy information, especially concerning the flora. The following passage will indicate the style of the author and show, likewise, the excellence of the translation:

> Night is drawing on, and in Mentone lights are beginning to appear in the houses and the streets. The strand is soon picked out with points of light, fringing the sea like a necklace of fiery pearls. The lines of the Mignonlied passed through my mind, and the rhythmic washing of the waves seemed to recall the music of Beethoven's beautiful accompaniment. It is significant that those plants, which in this song of Goethe's conjure up in our minds such vivid pictures of Italy, are not indigenous in that land, which has been cultivated for over two thousand years. They came from the East, like all the great ideas on which our culture is founded, and were developed and improved on this classic soil. Italy received the lemon and orange from the Semites, who in their turn had received them from India. The olive, the fig, the vine, and the palm were grown by the Semites long before their cultivation penetrated to the West. The laurel and myrtle indeed are indigenous in Italy, but their use for ceremonial purposes came across the Mediterranean from the East. The home of the cypress is not in Italy, but in the Greek Archipelago, northern Persia, Cilicia, and Lebanon. . . . As though the great impulse given to horticulture by the discovery of America were also destined to leave its imprint upon Italian soil, the agave and opuntias have been established here. Thus the spiny, glaucous agaves and the prickly, vivid-green opuntias, which are so well adapted to the rocky coast of Italy that they seem to have been here from time immemorial, were really not introduced from America until the sixteenth century

The range of subjects treated of is very wide. From prehistoric times down through the golden ages of Greek and Roman culture, to the industries and the thinking of the present, is a long journey, but our author makes it with a cheery step, and with innumerable diversions by the way. We hear the story of the Iron Mask, the legends of certain castles and convents, and the traditions clustering around the villas and villages, as we stroll along admiring or perhaps studying the plants which the author brings constantly to our attention. Before the rambles are over, one has learned much in regard to the great flower-market of the South, the perfume industry, the fruits of the favored land, the factors of landscape, the part which ceremonial plants have played in early and in later times, and so on.

The whole book is written in a kindly spirit, and there are generous words for many people, some of which it would be very pleasant to cite. But we must content ourselves with a single further reference, which brings the treatise very near home:

> Besides the Smyrna fig, the best varieties of date palm have lately been introduced into the United States. The United States Department of Agriculture in Washington devotes special attention to work of this kind, and men appointed as "assistants" in the Division of Vegetable Physiology and Pathology, or as "agricultural explorers" in the Bureau of Plant Industry, are entrusted with the carrying out of these experiments. These are scientifically trained botanists, who have first mastered the theoretical part of the subject and still keep up these studies side by side with their practical work. Two of these "assistants," now usefully employed by the United States Department of Agriculture, studied botany at Bonn, and I have the highest opinion of the indomitable industry and perseverance, the intelligence and patience, of these young scholars. One of these is Walter T. Swingle, who has since been successful in overcoming the obstacles which had hitherto prevented the satisfactory development of the Smyrna fig in the United States, and who has made it possible also to ensure permanent results with the date-palm.

"American Fossil Cycads" is the title of a large quarto by G. R. Wieland of Yale University, published through the Carnegie Institution. This noteworthy contribution to American paleobotany is richly illustrated with fifty plates and 138 text figures. It is an account of the American collections of fossil cycads—plants allied to the fern—so far as they have been studied, and the results of the author's investigations on the vegetative anatomy and reproductive organs, followed by a comparison of these with similar structures in living cycads, and a discussion of relationships. It is probably not generally known that some of the best fossil preservations of these interesting plants are in the United States, particularly in the Black Hills, Wyoming, and Maryland; and that the most important collection of fossil cycads in the world is at Yale University. The living representatives of the cycads are but the remnants of a flora which dominated certain geological periods, and there was at one time an age of cycads (Jurassic) when the earth was covered with forests of these plants as far north as the poles. The ancient types of cycads have then somewhat the same interest for the botanist as some of the contemporary reptilian groups have for the zoölogist. The monograph is creditable to American botany and the presswork of the Carnegie Institution.

The American Eclipse Expedition of 1905, the largest ever fitted out by any nation, is described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November by its commander, Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester. He pays a cordial tribute to the courtesy of the Spanish authorities as well as to the extraordinarily good conduct of his sailors while on shore. The wonderful remains of Anuradhapura, the famous capital of Ceylon twenty-one centuries ago, are shown in some beautiful pictures with descriptive notes by John M. Abbot, and three old ports on the Spanish Main, Cumana, La Guayra, and Maracaibo, are pictured in a similar manner by George M. L. Brown. The other contents are an illustrated account of Peary's expedition, and President Roosevelt's letter to the Congress of Irrigation Engineers on the two great undertakings of the Reclamation and Forest Services.

On Monday and Tuesday the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will sell the library of the late Elliott Coues, the eminent ornithologist. The scientific portion of the library, mainly ornithological, comprises 369 lots, and includes some rare and valuable books on birds, many being presentation copies. The "Catalogue of Birds in the British Museum," twenty-seven volumes, is an unusual set, and has never before come up for sale at auction in this country. Baird, Brewer, and Ridgway's "North American Birds," three vol-

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umes; Cassin's "Birds of California," and "Illustrations of the Nests and Eggs of the Birds of Ohio," by Genevieve E. Jones and Eliza J. Schulze; all with colored plates, are among the more notable works. The miscellaneous library contains some desirable items of Americana, such as the first edition of Patrick Gass's "Journal of Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery Under Capts. Lewis and Clark," Pittsburgh, 1807; D. W. Harmon's "Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," 1820; and Alexander Henry's "Travels and Adventures in Canada," 1809. The bulk of Dr. Coues's scientific and personal correspondence, comprising some 23,000 autograph letters of men of greater or less prominence, will be sold in twenty-three lots, one thousand letters in each. In his later life, Dr. Coues became interested in theosophy and kindred subjects, and received a number of autograph letters from Madame Blavatsky.

Finance.

A RAILWAY REPORT IN "BOOM TIMES."

Annual reports of railways are likely to be regarded, by people not concerned with transportation or with the investment markets, as dry and dull. On occasions, however, they are eloquent as a reflection of material conditions in a particular region or in the country as a whole. The report of the Union Pacific Railway, published Tuesday, is a striking instance of this sort. In October, 1893, when the shock of financial panic was beginning to subside, the Union Pacific was unable to meet its obligations. It was placed in receivers' hands, and did not emerge from bankruptcy until July, 1897. Even then, it was restored to solvency only after the old stockholders had paid a cash assessment of $9,000,000, and the old mortgages had been scaled down, in interest or principal, on condition of a "bonus" in new stock.

At the time of its collapse, Union Pacific relied for income on a community that was itself on the verge of insolvency. The railway traversed Kansas and Nebraska —States where the fall in wheat had impoverished the farmers, at a moment when forced calling of loans by Eastern markets had confronted the same farmers with disaster; it also crossed Colorado, where the silver-mining industry was shutting down. The political revolt of the section, instanced by the fact that both Kansas and Colorado voted for a Populist as President in 1892, only reflected the agricultural and industrial distress. In 1893, Union Pacific's net earnings from its traffic decreased 30 per cent. from 1892, and it fell $2,500,000 short of earning its fixed charges. At that time there was a widespread belief that the communities in question were industrial wrecks, and that both grain-growing and silver-mining were destined to be unprofitable.

The recovery of that region from its depression and discouragement is one of the most dramatic stories in financial history. Before election day in 1896, India's wheat crop of that season failed, and American wheat, which the Bryan campaigners had declared could never, under the gold standard, rise in price again, once more sold at a dollar a bushel. Less than a twelvemonth after the 1896 election, shortage in all of Europe's crops, coinciding with an abundant American harvest, gave Kansas and Nebraska farmers the most profitable season since 1879. Debts were paid off; industry revived; bank balances accumulated. The revival did not stop with foreign crop shortages. As prosperity returned to American industry in general, one of its most striking results was a greatly increased demand for agricultural products. A series of almost unprecedentedly large harvests, sold at highly remunerative prices, so far enriched the crop-growing States that, in place of the story of "Eastern capital loaned in the West," we began to hear of "Western bank funds outstanding on Wall Street." Such "interior loans," these last few years, are believed to have run above the one-hundred-million figure.

The reorganized Union Pacific began to pay dividends on its new preferred stock in 1898, and resumed dividends on the common stock in 1900. Its net receipts from transportation, which were $5,602,000 in the first year after its reorganization of 1897, had risen to $17,767,000 in 1900, and in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, are now shown to have been $30,317,000. In place of the bankrupt treasury of ten years ago, the current annual report makes the remarkable showing, along with other assets, of $21,258,000 cash on hand or in bank, and of $34,710,000 lent out on call in the money market.

The Union Pacific is not alone among railway companies in evidencing by such extraordinary figures the change in the country's position. Its case is peculiarly interesting, because its recovery from complete insolvency to possession of wealth not dreamed of by any railway a dozen years ago, is typical of the spectacular change in the community which it serves. This chapter of history, both of the railway and of the region from which it draws its prosperity, adds point to the comment frequently made by foreign observers, on the remarkable extremes reached in the upward and downward swings of American prosperity. Naturally, such an episode sometimes prompts the thoughtful to curious conjecture as to the next chapter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baldwin, May. Peg's Adventures in Paris. Dutton. $1.50.
Baldwin, May. That Little Lamb. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Barrett, Alfred Wilson. Father Pink. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Blanchard, Amy E. The Four Corners. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Bowen, Marjorie. The Viper of Milan. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Buffum, George T. Smith of Bear City and Other Frontier Sketches. Grafton Press. $1.50 net.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Dutton. $2.50.
Butterfield, Virginia M. Parental Rights and Economic Wrongs. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Co.
Candee, Helen Churchill. Decorative Styles and Periods in the Home. F. A. Stokes Co. $2 net.
Cartwright, Julia. The Early Work of Raphael. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Cellini, Benvenuto, The Life of. Written by himself. 2 vols. Brentano's.
Chapin, Anna Alice. The Heart of Music. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Cipriani, Lisi de. The Cry of Defeat. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Clark, Andrew. A Bodleian Guide for Visitors. Henry Frowde.
Corolla Numismatica. In Honour of Barclay V. Head. Henry Frowde. 30s. net.
Cromarsh, H. Ripley. The Secret of the Moor Cottage. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Curtis, Isabel Gordon. The Making of a Housewife. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.
Davidson, Thomas. The Philosophy of Goethe's Faust. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents net.
Dixon, James Main. Matthew Arnold. Eaton & Mains. $1.
Downey, David G. Richard Watson Gilder and Others. Eaton & Mains. $1.
Ellis, Edward S. River and Jungle. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.
Essays on Shakespeare. By Leo Tolstoy, Ernest Crosby and G. Bernard Shaw. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Fairy-Gold Fairy Tales. Chosen by Ernest Rhys. Dutton. $2.50.
Fairy Ring. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Fitzgerald, Hugh. Sam Steel's Adventures. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.
Fletcher, Robert Huntington. Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature. Vol. X. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Friends' General Conference, Proceedings of. Philadelphia.
Games Book for Boys and Girls. Dutton. $2.50.
Garrod, H. W. The Religion of All Good Men. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Gate of Death: A Diary. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Guerville, A. B. de. New Egypt. Dutton. $3 net.
Gwynn, Stephen. The Fair Hills of Ireland. Macmillan Co. $2.
Hawkes, Clarence. Shaggycoat. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Hildreth's Japan as It Was and Is. Edited by Ernest W. Clement. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Hilgard, E. W. Soils. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Hulbert, Archer Butler. Pilots of the Republic. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Hutton, Edward. Sigismondo Malatesta. Dutton. $4 net.
Iorio, Adrian J. My Lady's Point of View. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Jenks, Jeremiah W. Great Fortunes: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Johnson, Willis Fletcher, Four Centuries of the Panama Canal. Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.
Keys, Alice Maplesden. Cadwallader Colden. Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.
La Chanson de Roland. A Modern Translation by J. Geddes, jr. Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.
Leighton, William. A Scrap-Book of Pictures and Fancies.—Whisperings of the Sphinx. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.
Lindsay, Anna Robertson Brown. The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Lockwood, Frank C. Robert Browning. Eaton & Mains. $1.
London, Jack. Scorn of Women. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Lushington, Mrs. Manners. The School for Donkeys and Other Stories. Dutton. $1.25.
Maitland, F. W. Life of Sir Leslie Stephen. Putnams. $4.50 net.
Malloch, Douglas. In Forest Land. Chicago: American Lumberman.
Mann, Arthur Sitgreaves. Prince Ivo of Bohemia. Grafton Press. $1 net.
Marabell, William. The Rise of Man. Published by the Author. $1.50.
Mauclair, Camille. Antoine Watteau. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Metcalf, Syzanne. Annabel. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.25.
Mills, Wesley. Voice Production. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.
Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Edited by George Saintsbury. Vol. II. Henry Frowde. 10s. 6d. net.
Montmorency, J. E. G. de. Thomas à Kempis: His Age and Book. Putnams. $2.25 net.
Morrow, Albert S. The Immediate Care of the Injured. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $2.50 net.
Muckerstrum, Louis. Louis' Mixed Drinks. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Orczy, Baroness. I Will Reply. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Paris, Gaston. Littérature Française au Moyen Age. Paris: Armand Colin.
Periam, Annina. Hebbel's Nibelungen. Macmillan Co.
Phillips, Le Roy. A Bibliography of the Writings of Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.
Pilgrims' Way. Chosen by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Prichard, K. & H. Don Q. in the Sierra. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Rattermann, H. A. Oden, Lieder, und Gedichte. Cincinnati: Privately printed.
Ravenel, Mrs. St. Julien. Charleston: The Place and the People. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Records of the Virginia Company of London. Edited by Susan Myra Kingsbury. 2 vols. Washington, D. C.
Remington's Newspaper Directory, 1906. Edward P. Remington. $5
Rickett, Arthur. The Vagabond in Literature. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Rutherford, E. Radioactive Transformations. Scribners. $3.50 net.
Sacred Seasons. Readings from the Writings of Handley C. G. Moule. Dutton. $2 net.
Sharp, William. Fair Women. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Shoemaker, Michael Myers. Winged Wheels in France. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Smith, E. Boyd. The Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Squires, Grace. Merle and May. Dutton. $1.50.
Stockham, Alice B. Baby-Craft. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Co.
Symons, Arthur. Cities. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Trine, Ralph Waldo. In the Fire of the Heart. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Van Dyne, Edith. Aunt Jane's Nieces. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.
Wharton, Anne Hollingsworth. Italian Days and Ways. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Williams, J. E. Hodder. The Life of Sir George Williams. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25 net.
Williams, Neil Wynn. The Electric Theft. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Wilson, Floyd B. Through Silence in Realization. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.
Young, George. Corps de Droit Ottoman. Vols. IV. to VII. Henry Frowde.

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